Dec. 27, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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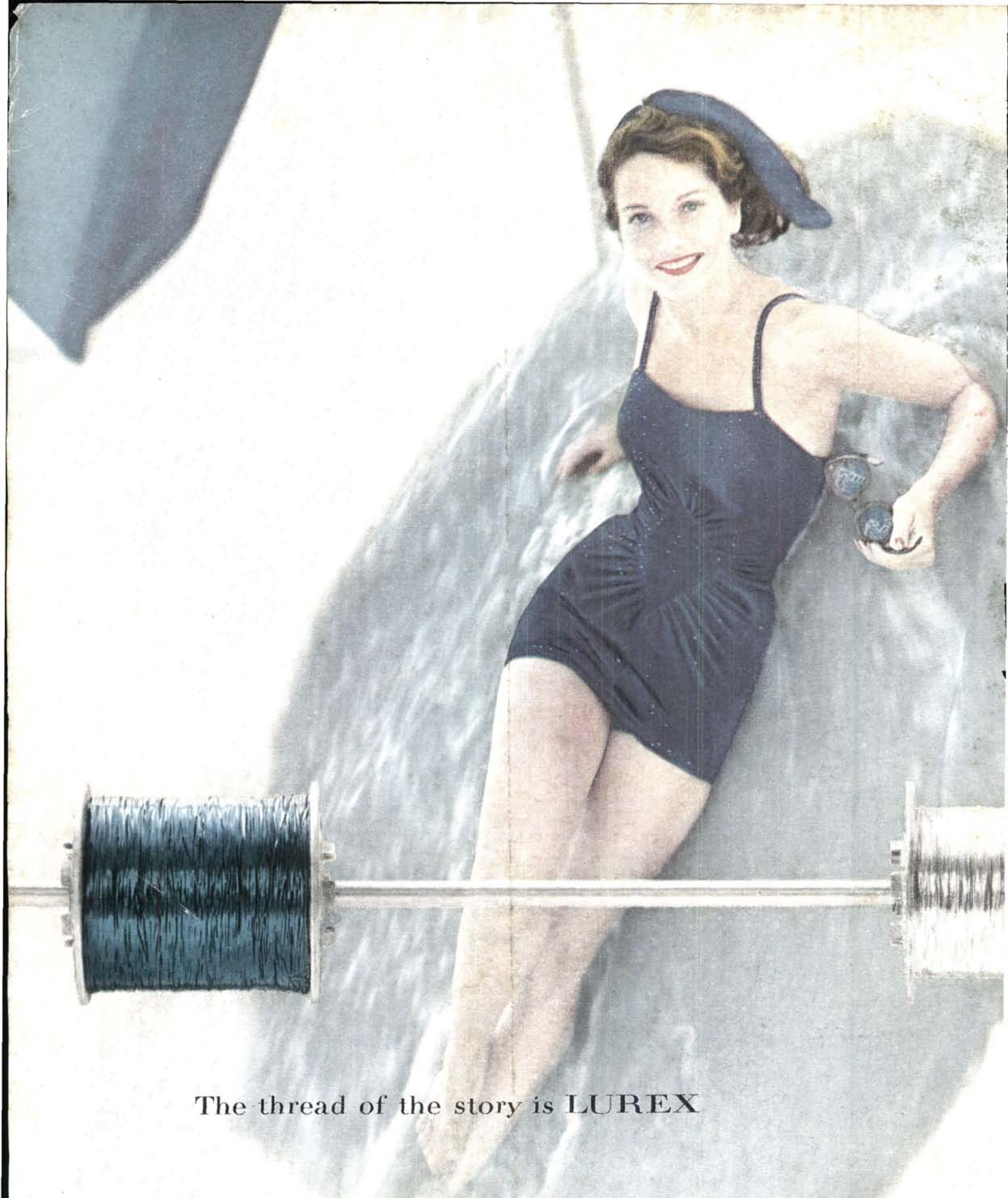
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cold Wind and the Warm—S. N. Behrman's fuzzy tragicomedy about Jewish life and love in Worcester, Massachusetts, half a century ago. With Eli Wallach (miscast), and Maureen Stapleton, who plays a buoyant matchmaker. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cue for Passion—A neurotic triangle (mother, son, and stepfather) worked up by Elmer Rice into a pretentious paraphrase of "Hamlet." John Kerr is the angry young stepson, Diana Wynyard the lady of his choice. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Disenchanted—Jason Robards, Jr., does a fine job as the hero of this account of the last sad days of a writer who resembles F. Scott Fitzgerald, but the play, written by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit, is an uneven work. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Gazebo—Alec Coppel's frail comedy about a TV writer who gets mixed up in a suspected murder is valiantly played by Walter Slezak and Jayne Meadows. The dialogue, however, is a constant drag. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Girls in 509—A play that makes wide, satirical gestures but delivers nothing but jokes. Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are as funny as they can manage to be in the roles of a pair of Republican fugitives from Socialism. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day.)

J. B.—Nobody could have got more dramatic momentum out of the Book of Job than Elia Kazan, who directed this fuddled modernization, by Archibald MacLeish, of the Biblical tragedy. Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer, and Raymond Massey do what they can with a grim script. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:45; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—There is nothing particularly original in this comedy by Leslie Stevens, which has to do with the difficulties of a happily married professor trying to keep his monogamous balance while being pursued by a Swedish Amazon, but Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, and Julie Newmar frequently sparkle in the principal roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26.)

Old Vic—A five-week repertory of three Shakespearean plays, presented by S. Hurok. The schedule through Jan. 3: "Henry V," with Laurence Harvey and Margaret Courtenay, Thursday, Dec. 25, at 7:30; Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 27-28, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "Twelfth Night," with John Neville and Barbara Jefford, Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 30-Jan. 2, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Hamlet," also with John Neville and Barbara Jefford, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 and 8. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Through Saturday, Jan. 10.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Once More, with Feeling—A farce about the symphony-concert business that has a few bright lines in it, and a great deal of nonsense. With Arlene Francis, Joseph Cotten, and Joseph Buloff. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Pleasure of His Company—Cyril Ritchard has given smooth direction and a polished performance to this somewhat sententious comedy, by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, about family life in San Francisco. The cast also includes Charlie Ruggles, Walter Abel, Dolores Hart, and Miss Skinner herself. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and Eddie Albert, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond are in the large and gifted cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinées Christmas and New Year's Day.)

The Shadow of a Gunman—Sean O'Casey's brilliant early tragicomedy about Dublin in the troubled twenties. The production, an Actors' Studio effort featuring William Smithers and Gerald O'Loughlin, is more than a little laborious. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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A Touch of the Poet—Eugene O'Neill's play about life in the United States back in the Colonial period. A satisfactory drama that has the estimable services of Helen Hayes. This is its first American production. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day.)

The World of Suzie Wong—A small, trite hymn to love in Hong Kong, lavishly orchestrated, and played with quiet skill and sincerity by a new actress named France Nuyen. Others in the cast are William Shatner and Ron Randell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinées Christmas and New Year's Day.)

Long Runs—**THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS:** Oklahoma family life in the nineteen-twenties. Teresa Wright, Audrey Christie, and George L. Smith have the leading roles in William Inge's play. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26. Closes Saturday, Jan. 17.) . . . **LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL:** Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel reduced by Ketti Frings to a coherent play. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée New Year's Day.) . . . **SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO:** Ralph Bellamy as Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Schary's play centering on three crucial years in the late President's life. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **TWO FOR THE SEESAW:** Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft are the whole cast of William Gibson's play about a couple of lonely people in New York. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée New Year's Day.)

MUSICALS

Flower Drum Song—The new musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein concerns a romantic imbroglio in San Francisco's Chinatown, and shows the great men at less than their best. Pat Suzuki, Miyoshi Umeki, and Larry Blyden perform brisk salvage work. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Goldilocks—Elaine Stritch and Don Ameche in a handsomely dressed musical treatment of early motion-picture days that is fast, funny, and sometimes even thoughtful. Book by Jean and Walter Kerr, music by Leroy Anderson, and lyrics by Joan Ford and the Kerrs. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

La Plume de Ma Tante—A stimulating importation from France, which has been beguiling audiences in Europe for a decade and will probably do the same for you. A creation of Robert Dhéry, who is also the most prominent performer, the revue includes such other sound types as Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, and Jacques Legras. They speak English when speaking is absolutely necessary. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Christmas and Tuesday, Dec. 30.)

Long Runs—**BELLS ARE RINGING:** Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day.) . . . **JAMAICA:** A tale of old West India, featuring Lena Horne. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Christmas at 2:30 and New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Robert Preston) who falls in love with a librarian. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Christmas and New Year's Day.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Frederick Loewe (music). Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WEST SIDE STORY:** This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet." With Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Tuesday, Dec. 30, and New Year's Day.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

WHOOP-UP—A musical with a book by Cy Feuer, Ernest H. Martin, and Dan Cushman, based on Mr. Cushman's novel "Stay Away, Joe." Norman Gimbel wrote the lyrics, Moose Charlap composed the score, and the cast includes Susan Johnson, Paul Ford, and Ralph Young. Produced by the Messrs. Feuer and Martin, and staged by Mr. Feuer. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Friday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

AGES OF MAN—John Gielgud in a solo show taken from Shakespeare's sonnets and plays. Presented for a four-week engagement by Jerry Leider, in association with Tennent Productions, Ltd. Opens Sunday, Dec. 28. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THIRD BEST SPORT—Celeste Holm in a comedy by Eleanor and Leo Bayer. Produced by the Theatre Guild and directed by Michael Howard. Opens Tuesday, Dec. 30. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Friday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Friday through Sunday, Dec. 26-28: "Così Fan Tutte," in English. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Jan. 2: "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

THE BOY FRIEND—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

THE CRUCIBLE—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Judson Morgan head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Mondays through Thursdays, except Jan. 1, at 8:30; Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

DIVERSIONS—A lively, fresh, and amusing revue by Steven Vinaver, whose peculiar slant on life is made manifest by a talented cast; namely, Nancy Dussault, Gubi Mann, Aline Brown, Peter Feldman, Thom Molinaro, and Cy Young. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

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HAMLET OF STEPNEY GREEN—The mantle of the Melancholy Dane descends upon the son of a Jewish herring merchant in this pleasant and extremely promising first play by England's Bernard Kops. The cast, which is excellent, includes Michael Gorrin, Dino Narizzano, and Jeanette Roony. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

HÉLOÏSE—The British playwright James Forsyth has abstracted a splendid drama from the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. It is competently, if not spectacularly, performed by a cast that features Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag as the celebrated lovers. Henry Kurth's ingenious sets turn a tiny stage to good account. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

IVANOV—A thoroughly rewarding production of one of Anton Chekhov's lesser plays, in which the tedium of provincial life is charmingly scrutinized to the ultimate stifled yawn. Paul Stevens is first-rate in the difficult title role. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—A revival of John Osborne's play, in which William Daniels, Audree Rae, and Diana Herbert appear. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED—Joe Hill, the union martyr who figures so prominently in the dreams of folk singers, is framed by a crew of heartless reactionaries, and pursued by them in court after court. The playwright, Barrie Stavis, might have made his point with a great deal less jurisprudence. Mark Gordon plays Joe Hill. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

OF MICE AND MEN—A skillful dramatization of John Steinbeck's novel, which has been set to very unfortunate music. Art Lund, Leo Penn, and Jo Sullivan are featured in the cast. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara, and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Special performances Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 6:30 and 9.)

THE POWER AND THE GLORY—The power, if not the tarnished glory, of Graham Greene's novel has been transferred intact to the stage by Denis Cannan's and Pierre Bost's intelligent adaptation. Fritz Weaver is magnificent as the slovenly and discreditable Mexican priest who is hunted to a martyr's death during the anticlerical outbreaks of the nineteen-thirties, and he receives excellent support from his co-workers. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE QUARE FELLOW—Brendan Behan's rather discursive comedy drama about life and execution in an Irish prison is redeemed by a great many mordant studies of convicts and their keepers. The large and capable cast includes Lester Rawlins, Roy Poole, Bryan Herbert, and William Myers. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

SALAD DAYS—A simple-minded musical comedy by Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds that has enjoyed a very long run in London. Richard Easton and Barbara Franklin are in the cast. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. JU 2-4977. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price, Christiane Felsmann, and Paula Stewart. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO—Kathleen Maguire and Robert Pastene in Arthur Laurents' revised version of his comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE—A revival of John Ford's Jacobean tragedy, which contains a profusion of plots, stratagems, and murders, but which, when the last corpse has been cleared away, doesn't seem to mean very much. Ursula Stevens and Christopher Drake play the unfortunate siblings, and Martin Kosleck plays the villainous Vasquez. (Orpheum Theatre, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. GR 5-8807. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Friday, Dec. 26, at 12:30 and 5:30; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 12:30 and 5:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 1-2, at 2:30; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8:30: "Fanfare," "Divertimento," "Agon," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.)

ANNA SOKOLOW DANCE COMPANY—Appearing for a two-week engagement, starting Friday, Dec. 26. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

ALBERT MINNS AND LEON JAMES—Jazz dancers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

MAE BARNES—Comedienne, singing to the accompaniment of the Three Flames. One in a series of programs called "Monday Nights at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Dec. 29, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

BETTY COMDEN AND ADOLPH GREEN—Songs and sketches of their own concoction. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45. Through Sunday, Jan. 11.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The "No Casting Tonight" sign is forever conspicuous by its absence from the offices

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of this famous old talent agency. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who likes to dance. Black tie New Year's Eve.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, the collected works of Richard Rodgers get a resounding reading from a choir composed of Mimi Benzell, Bill Tabbert, and Wilbur Evans. This happens at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at twelve-thirty New Year's Eve. Dancing the rest of the time to the bands of Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan. Nothing stirring Mondays, not even a mouse. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a rather de-luxe operation.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, whose customary day of rest is Sunday, will also be closed on Christmas. It reopens on Friday, Dec. 26, as a dinner and supper playground for Carol Channing, who requires a fair supply of legroom when she suits her actions to her words. Ted Straeter's orchestra, from which dance music flows like wine, and Mark Monte's posse of instrumentalists operate before, between, and after. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous remains pale and cool and beautiful and dignified all the time. Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays Darjeeling-with-cream music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and sauce-béarnaise music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena, except after ten New Year's Eve, when Leo LeFleur's group will break loose in the Edwardian Room.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's collection of mourning doves is back in the old groove, commonly known as the Grill, where it coins (after a fashion) dance music for the millions every evening but Sunday and Christmas.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At dinner and supper in the Maisonette, Robert Clary, who has the brevity (height, four feet four) that's requisite for the soul of wit. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari volunteer their bubbly dance music all evening. Closed Sundays and on Christmas and New Year's Day.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti is in the Café Lounge, where his piano and his band play for tea dancing, dinner dancing, and supper dancing, day in, day out.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The shooting stick and the opera cloak are rife in the checkroom of the Embassy Club, through whose halls the prancing music of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's band resounds after nine every night but Sunday. There's dinner music, too, to accommodate those who haven't yet been wired for Muzak. Black tie New Year's Eve.

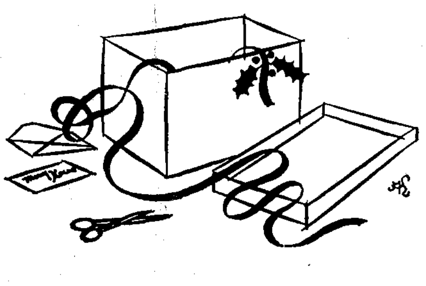
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Eartha Kitt, a compact little storm warning, is intoning her mating-and-baiting calls during dinner and supper in the Empire Room. New Year's Eve, she'll sing only once, though, at midnight, and will then traipse across the hall to the Sert Room for another outpouring. Emil Coleman's men and Béla Babai's rout state the dance music all evening in no uncertain terms. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an amiable clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's browsing music, Mondays through Thursdays, by the Norman Paris trio, whose abode is just this side of paradise, and by Jozsi Ribari's group. On Fridays and Saturdays, the two outfits play for dancing. Their term of duty is seven to twelve. They're away Sundays, when the Babai orchestra does the dance job from eight to twelve.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room is high enough up to be above the rain belt, which is mainly in the plain below. Languid non-dance music by Joseph Sudy's small assemblage burbles now and then from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The sort of well-maintained park in which you can easily imagine lords and ladies at their stately ease. Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently from five to eight-thirty, and Johnny Mehegan does muted new-school jazz from nine to one. They will alternate from start to finish on New Year's Eve. Sundays, the pianist is Joel Forbes. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): It takes all kinds, and here they are, from Greenland's icy mountains to Broadway's and Park Avenue's coral strands. Rack Godwin, who has the run of the local piano from nine o'clock on, is second to none at inserting the unexpected internal rhyme and the unexpected tempo into his piano soliloquies. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First childhood, second childhood, and other harmless games take place in this bar-and-grill run by Goldie Hawkins. He and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, play double as well as single house-party piano from dinnertime until curfew. Five, though, is the opening hour for both bar and music, with Bob Printz occupying the piano stool until seven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Rome is built in a night as Theo Fanidi's circumnavigating violinists gently swing and sway from one table to the next. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar is a mass of mixed emotions (passion and nostalgia are prominent), patrols this hall of mirrors. His fandangos, which run from six-thirty to one, are tinkly at the dinner hour, far more fervent later on. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The small world of Mabel Mercer, a *salonnière* whose one-of-a-kind chansons are compounded of wise words, witty words, and a pocketful of wry words. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong companion-at-arms, is her pianist. Don't look for her before eleven. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Ralph Strain's piano is well versed in the Romance languages. He and it are at work from six to eight and from ten to one or two. The scenery is subdued without being glum. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **PLAYBILL**, Eighth Ave. at 44th St. (PL 7-6100): When in doubt, use scarlet plush, and here is the result—a duplex with an upstairs bar (Cy Walter's fifty fantastic fingers at the piano from five-thirty to eight-thirty) and a downstairs dining room (Mr. W. from ten to one) that'll make you see red for days. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Up to a point, it's like owning your own castle on the Loire. Wandering from pillar to post, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The twilight hour in Granada, when the chef is in his glory and the local musicians are addressing the piano and the guitar. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Not even the major-domo, a splendid example of the Hungarian military man, can repress the tendency of the entire staff to sing, probably because he sings himself. Plenty of indigenous instrumentation, too, but none of it overbearing. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The pictures on the walls are a show in themselves; the additional amusement (after ten) is listening music by Johnnie LaSalle's quartet and Jacques Kayal, a French pianist who does all the Continental tongues with a nice mixture of fervor and formality. The Three Bars, a boy-and-girl compact, toy with both words and music. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. A dance trio will assist on New Year's Eve. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer, the social lion of the premises, does kitten-on-the-keys piano at intervals between eight-thirty and one-thirty or two. The room, a luxurious landscape, is closed Sundays. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, who inhabits the bar of a venture devoted to making life easy for bon-vivants, shies away from many of the ills that cocktail pianists are prone to. He operates from five to eleven. All is dark Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, an old-fashioned apartment with big rooms and high ceilings, offers Steve Weltner, a pianist with a firm but not obtrusive grasp of the keyboard. He's on from six to nine-thirty and from ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday. . . . **COAT OF ARMS**, 140 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1820): A town-and-country picnic ground, thoughtfully provided with tables, chefs, wine cellar, and piano, the last of which is in the hands of Marty Berns on weekdays and Joe Moon on Sundays. Their music, conversational in tone, is on tap from seven to one. Closed Christmas. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibit of oak panelling, there's the on-the-beam piano of Al Mello from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): The setting could be carnival in Venice, the music (throbbing violins, throbbing sopranos) could be the banks of the Seine, the Danube, or just the East River. Dancing from ten-thirty on. Closed Sundays.



BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): All the makings of a spectacular nudist colony, chockablock with girls, girls, girls. Among the population of three hundred thousand is Sue Carson, a talkative child who seems thoroughly to enjoy the battle of the sexes. The house guests can dance, if they like. . . . **CASA CUGAT**, 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Los Estados Unidos de Mexico in the midst of a dance fiesta for all comers, who are egged on by the powerhouse Latin band of Xavier Cugat, the Manhattan band of Charles Holden, and so on, from six-thirty until four weekdays, and from eight-thirty until three on Sundays. Bright, bustling, and jolly.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Tom Lehrer, who has been one of our few contacts with reality in a world without newspapers, sets his editorials to music, which in no way diminishes their intent or merriment. Also on the Christmas tree are Felicia Sanders, who sings with volcanic fire; Frank Buxton, a disarming humorist (j.g.); and a magician just called Reneaux, who has more improbabilities up his sleeve than is humanly possible. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. Nine-forty-five is kickoff time on Fridays and Saturdays, ten-thirty the rest of the week. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Six shining faces (Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, Jack Fletcher, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall) in shining armor, which is provided in satisfying measure by the most recent revue put together by Julius Monk, lord of this manor. It is taken off its leash at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday, Christmas, and New Year's Day. The entire orchestra is the pianos of Gordon Connell and Jay Thompson. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): This, the nether half of Julius Monk's wayside inn, is haunted after the theatre by a picturesque figment of the fevered imagination named Tammy Grimes, from whose terse yet girlish lips issue any number of high-style sonatas. Stan Keen and Carl Norman, her men-at-arms, play sportive piano most of the night. Her last night is New Year's Eve; as of Friday, Jan. 2, the ditties of Katie Lee, whose album of songs of analysis has replaced Jung as a best-seller, will become the principal event. The bar opens at five, the music at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The cuisine, décor, mood, and management couldn't be more Florentine. Calm, dispassionate piano by Dick Hankinson illuminates the scene from time to time; after the theatre, Herman Chittison unrolls his crisp, clean jazz piano and Greta Rae (a newcomer to the game) sings. Closed Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, other entertainment appears from time to time, such as Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, a clamorous pair of roisterers, and Suzanne Lake, who's content simply to sing. Miss C. and Mr. M. are off Sundays, when old movies are added; Miss L. is off Mondays, when amateur talent has its brief moment. . . . **DEN IN THE DUANE**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): It's really the old root cellar of the Hotel Duane, converted into a rostrum for Milt Kamen, a man-of-the-people extemporaneous orator and seer, to say nothing of a small sunflower named Isobel Robins, owner and operator of some of the brightest and most literate lyrics in town. They'll be taking leave on New Year's Eve. Little, Dane, and Mason, who are a glee club, not a law firm, will stick around a while longer. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): As the name implies, it's the sternpost of another institution, the Midtown Café, from which it's wholly divorced—as it is from the rest of the world. Janice Mars, who sings the very best songs the way they were written, is in charge; Baldwin Bergersen, playing mood piano, and a new hand, Gene Hunt, playing ragtime piano, occupy a niche. All quiet on Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, who was shouting from the housetops when rock 'n' roll was a pup, still owns the town's largest exhibition of rent-party ballads; Alice Ghostley is still singing the most double-dealing quatrains of our day; Tony and Eddie are still the noisiest pantomimers in the business. The rest of the turmoil is Jimmie Daniels' airy lyrics, and the jovial cacophonies of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): This East Side bramble patch is the East Coast *pied-à-terre* of Bobby Short, a chanticleer whose hymns to the rising sun begin while it is still dark. His accompaniment is his own four-wheel-drive piano and Eva La Mont's trio. Mr. Short is off duty Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): *Se habla español*, and very little else. In a corner of the bar, Ray Tico, Costa Rican troubador and guitarist, soothes savage breasts with his eloquence; in another room, the guests do Spanish fandangos when the same sort of thing isn't happening onstage. The dance music begins at nine and Mr. Tico begins at ten. The sole Sunday session is a dance matinée, from three to eight. . . . **CAFÉ SAHBRA**, 253 W. 72nd St. (TR 3-1276): Another wholly regional gathering place, in this case Israeli. Indigenous handicrafts (song, dance, cuisine, humor) are on display every night but Monday. The singer: Shoshana Damari, whose voice has the force of seventy-nine trombones; the wits: Leo Fuld and Jackie Clark, some of whose sayings you'll also pick up on Broadway. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Arrayed on the bandstand of Mr. Condon's handsome place of business are Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (whenever the moon is in the right quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between sets, Bob Hammer gets custody of the piano. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Dizzy Gillespie's quintet is making the noise here, along with the Signatures, who sing (and very well, too). On Monday, Dec. 29, Anita O'Day will take over from the Gillespie crew for a one-night session of phrase-bending. Sundays, there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Woody Herman's newly hatched sextet, in which Nat Adderley and Eddie Costa are deeply involved, occasionally reveals the Herd instinct of earlier Herman caravans, occasionally reveals curiosity about other ways of life; Tyree Glenn's quartet, which has been here so long that it's on the point of winning permanent possession of the place, has already attained a permanent state of euphoria. Hank Jones, by the way, is the Glenn pianist. Other hands gambol Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Rampart Street just about as it looked in 1910, and just about as it sounded, too, what with the likes of Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Wilber Kirk on the bandstand. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. On Sunday, Dec. 28, Lehigh University's Christmas City Six will sit in with the Old Boys. Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, a pianist who can be all things (Bach, Bartók, Gershwin, et al.) to all men, and his trio are off and running on the oval track that circles the bar. Zero hour is ten-fifteen, and there is no action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five dwell upon early life on the Mississippi. Jam sessions Sunday afternoons, lights out Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): It's always warm weather when good Dixielanders get together. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are such men as Herb Fleming, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, and Claude Hopkins. On Sunday afternoons and Monday and Tuesday nights, a quintet owned by Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins raises its dizzy head. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Comes now Muriel Roberts, her Ph.D. in the inorganic chemistry of modern music still damp from the presses, to play technically excellent piano at the head of a trio. Another trio is led by Billy Taylor, a modernist piano man who has seen all, heard all, and improved upon most of it. The day's work commences at nine. The Robertses stay home on Sundays, the Taylors on Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A better idea of life on the moon than the Hayden Planetarium has ever offered. In the midst of all the unreality, Count Basie's brash gossoons and Joe Williams, whose voice is a deep-dyed blue, ululate until the cows come home, which is usually at 4 A.M. Harry Edison's quartet is also on hand. On Thursday, Jan. 1, a new alignment will be set up—the sextet belonging to Miles Davis (John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley are included) and the big band run by Maynard Ferguson (or St. Vitus Comes Marching In). Jam sessions Mondays by earnest guest strivers. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The eloquent reminiscences of times past served up by Teddy Wilson's trio and Bobby Hackett's quartet are now and then garbled in transmission, because of the discussion groups at the ringside tables. The musicians don't begin until eight-thirty, so the orators down front have a head start. Sundays are devoted to the work of visiting practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Tony Scott, his umbrageous clarinet, and his fivesome having their say in an unelaborate but pleasant outpost of Northern civilization. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The scenes of one's childhood, and the music thereof, dished out by such stentorians (at least on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27) as Jo Jones, Wild Bill Davison, Charlie Shavers, Lou McGarity, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM**, Hotel Duane, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): The smallest dance floor of them all, maybe, but nevertheless a dance floor, beside which a squadron called the Commuters supply the wherewithal from nine to one every night but Sunday, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): Not every prospect pleases, but Blossom Dearie, child of Nature, is singing her bantering ballads to the accompaniment of her own artful piano. Monday is her day away.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas and New Year's Day, and some are likely to close early on Wednesday, Dec. 31.)

GALLERIES

ARBIT BLATAS—Expressionist oils in black-and-white; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Associ-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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28	29	30	31	1	2	3

ated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

William Calfee—Sculptures in various mediums, unusually inventive in concept; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Graham, Third Floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Stefano Cusumano—Brush and pencil drawings; through Jan. 10. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Salvador Dali—New paintings and drawings, mingling angels and pi-mesons; through Jan. 10. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

José de Creeft—Stone sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Marsden Hartley—A small but comprehensive retrospective of his paintings, from 1908 to 1943; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Mervin Jules—Encaustic paintings, many based on seaside motifs; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger and the School of Paris—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Léger, supplemented by oils by Picasso, Soutine, Braque, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 26.)

Henri Matisse—Drawings and a few sculptures, dated from 1900 to 1952; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alfred Maurer—A small memorial, dating from 1901 to 1932, the year of his death; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jan Müller—Expressionist paintings (1943-58); through Jan. 10. (Hansa, 210 Central Park S. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Elie Nadelman—Figures and figurines (1930-40) in papier-mâché and terra cotta, along with a group of drawings and dry points; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Hewitt, 22 E. 66th St.)

Picasso—Works in ten mediums, including oils, ceramics, and lithographs; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Larry Rivers—Oils, sculptures, and lithographs by a particularly volatile modern; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St.)

Jack Tworkov—Charcoal and pencil drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

Robert Jay Wolff—Abstractions, colorful and dramatic; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and the afternoon of Wednesday, Dec. 31.)

Brussels '58—A selection of contemporary American paintings and sculptures, originally exhibited at the World's Fair, by twenty-five artists, including William Baziotes, Grace Hartigan, Mary Callery, and David Smith. For the benefit of the Sheltering Arms Childrens Service. Through Jan. 17. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Water colors by Dong Kingman, William Thon, Emlen Etting, and other gallery members; through Saturday, Dec. 27. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: Oils, chosen by John Ferren, Robert Gwathmey, and Robert Brackman; through Friday, Jan. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: "Paintings for Unlimited Space" (large oils) by Enrico Donati, Hedda Sterne, Ad Reinhardt, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Arp, Matisse, Schwitters, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Drawings and small sculptures, from Arp and Brancusi to Redon; through Jan. 10.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings and other works, ranging from Colonial times to the present, by fourteen American masters, including John Singleton Copley, Mary Cassatt, and John Marin; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Some five hundred photographs (from the Museum's collection) taken since 1838 by three hundred men and women in eighteen countries; through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Recently acquired prints by Matisse, Klee, Kirchner, and seven other European artists; through March 15. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of pagan and primitive peoples' funerary objects (clothing, jewelry, masks, statuettes, vessels for food and drink, and so on) unearthed in Egypt and other African countries, the Far East, and North and South America; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

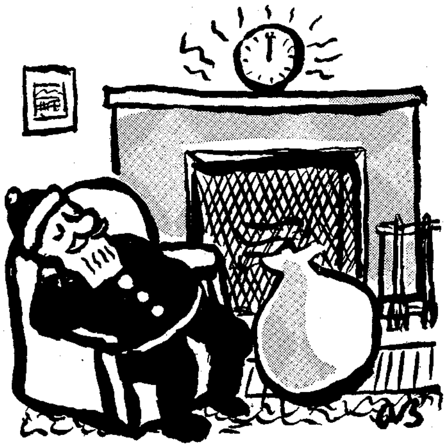
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1958 annual of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, containing a hundred and eighty-four works by as many artists; through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Eugenio Fernandi, and George London. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 26, at 7:45: "Lohengrin," with Lisa Della Casa, Margaret Harshaw, Brian Sullivan, Hermann Uhde, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Mildred Miller, Barry Morell, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Belen Amparan, Lucine Amara, Nicolai Gedda, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Blanche Thebom, Mildred Miller, Cesare Siepi, Kurt Baum, and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, Nicolai Gedda, George London, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Hilde Gueden, Roberta Peters, Regina Resnik, Theodor Uppman, Cesare Valletti, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 1, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Eugenio Fernandi, Mario Zanasi, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Antonietta Stella, Jean Madeira, Laurel Hurley, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, and Mario Zanasi; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Aïda," with Gloria Davy, Blanche Thebom, Dimiter Uzunov, Robert Merrill, and William Wildermann.



ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, John Barbirolli conducting—Thursday, Jan. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 2, at 2:30; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3 (all with Gina Bachauer, piano).

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting a concert version of Hugo Wolf's opera "Der Corregidor," in English, with Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano; Norman Kelley, tenor; Hugh Thompson, baritone; and Donald Gramm, bass-baritone. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra in a performance of Handel's oratorio "L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso," with Adele Addison, soprano; John McCollum, tenor; and Ralph Herbert, baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Gerhard Lang directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2:40, and Monday, Dec. 29, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Pete Seeger—Folk singer, with Sonny Terry, harmonica. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8:40.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30, with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Music from Old Vienna—Julius Rudel conducting an orchestra composed of sixty members of the New York Philharmonic, with Eva Likova, soprano; Thomas Hayward, tenor; and Gerhard Pechner, bass-baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8:40.)

Jazz Concert—Miles Davis's sextet, J. J. Johnson's quintet, Sonny Rollins' trio, Art Blakey's band, and Anita O'Day are scheduled to appear. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sunday, Dec. 28, at 7. Rangers vs. Boston, Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Amateur game: United States vs. Russia, Thursday, Jan. 1, at 8:30.

Horse Show—Secor Farms Indoor Horse Show. (White Plains. Sunday, Dec. 28.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Dec. 25, at 7: Minneapolis vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 9: Knicks vs. Detroit.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The final children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Mary Martin, who will double as narrator and singer, and with Dirk Sanders, dancer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave.

at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

PLAYS—By the TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Enchanted Treasure," Friday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Monday, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ "Freddie and His Fiddle," Tuesday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Wednesday, Dec. 31. . . . ¶ "Robin Hood," Friday, Jan. 2. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Performances at 11 and 2:30.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "The Red Dragon." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, and Monday through Saturday, Dec. 29-Jan. 3, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . ¶ "Alice in Wonderland." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, and Monday through Saturday, Dec. 29-Jan. 3, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . JUNIOR THEATRE: "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 11.) . . . THEATRE EAST: "I Wish I May," Saturdays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Star Bright," Saturdays at 3. (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220.)

VARIETY SHOW—"The Littlest Circus," complete with clowns, acrobats, jugglers, a magician, a one-man band, a ballerina, and people dressed up as animals, has a cast of seven actors and dancers. A benefit for the Gardens Nursery School-Kindergarten. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 3. For information about tickets, call AD 4-0853.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

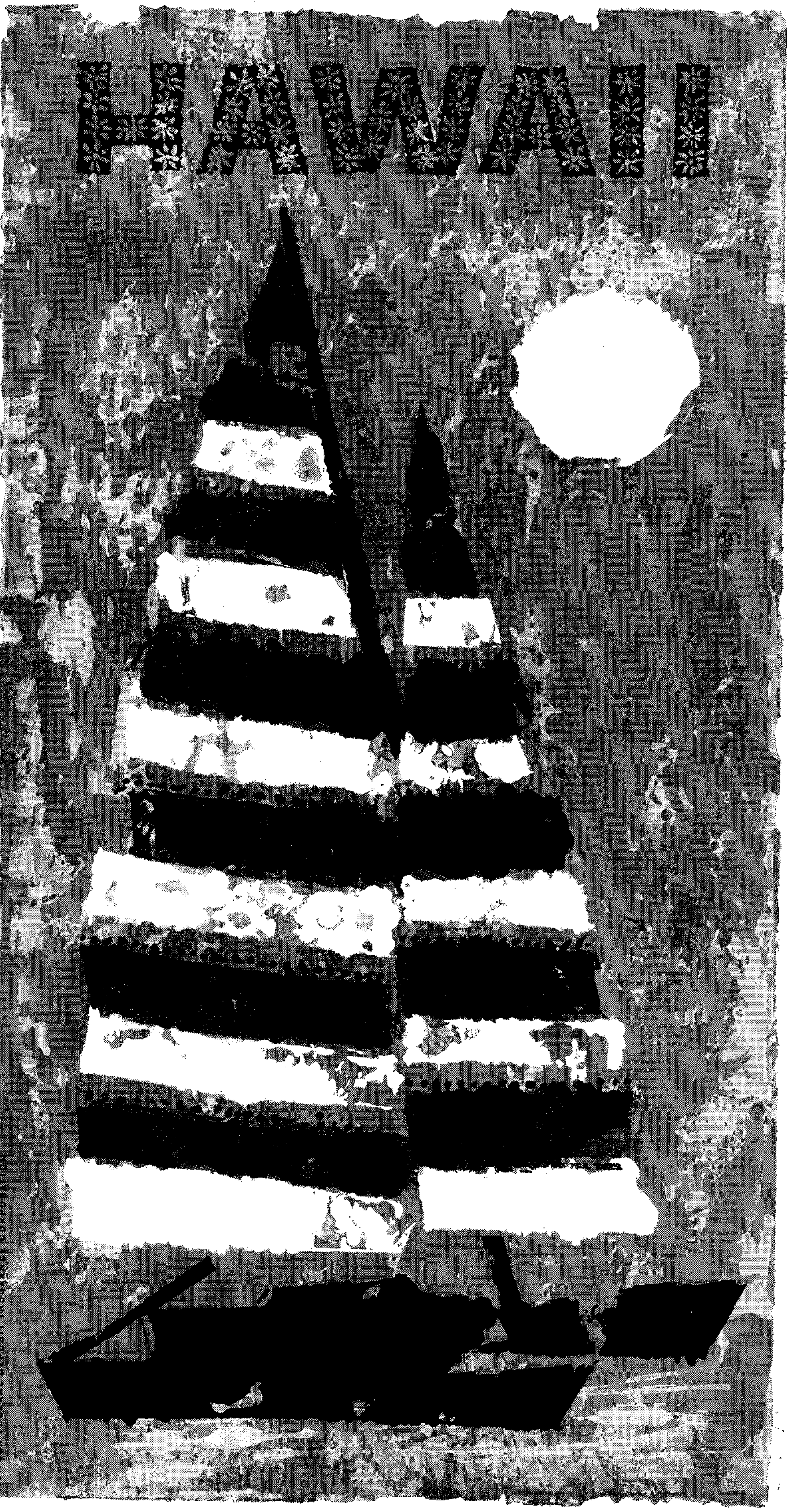
HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stars of the Christmas Sky;" through Jan. 4. (Special holiday schedule: Christmas at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, Dec. 29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; New Year's Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Friday, Jan. 2, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ There are half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, nightly except Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays.

MOVIES—At the MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: A Christmas program, comprising "The Princess and the Dragon," "Sleeping Beauty," and "Snow White and Rose Red." (Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 11, 1, and 3. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET THEATRE, Madison Ave. at 85th St. (BU 8-3180): Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Knock on Wood," with Danny Kaye. A benefit for the Open Door Child Care Center. (Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 10.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every weekday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next six weeks; there are, however, periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions Thursday and Friday, Dec. 25-26, and New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily, except Thursday and Friday, Dec. 25-26, and New Year's Day.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. It is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a little too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Dec. 29.)

Damn Yankees—Gwen Verdon singing and strutting ebulliently in a film about a baseball fan who has sold his soul to the Devil to make sure that Washington will beat the Yankees to a pennant. Ray Walston is the smooth Lucifer, and Miss Verdon is his impish assistant. Under the direction of George Abbott, the whole business moves at a fast clip, and there are lively songs to beguile you along the way. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 27-29.)

Gervaise—A mournful look at the lower orders during the Second Empire. A French film, adapted from a novel by Emile Zola, in which Maria Schell gives a wonderfully persuasive performance, as do François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair, her associates in the enterprise. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 27.)

Gigi—An enormous range of talent is represented in this musical revamp of Colette's novel about a young lady, tutored by relatives in the wiles of the demimondaine, who eventually lands a rich young fellow. Alan Jay Lerner contributed the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe the music, and Cecil Beaton the costumes. Filmed in Paris, the picture is a good-looking affair, and has a solid cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Horse's Mouth—Alec Guinness performing with droll ingenuity as a threadbare, talented, amoral artist trying to get along, however furtively, in a world he never made but that he wouldn't mind remaking. An English film, adapted by Mr. Guinness from the novel by Joyce Cary. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Inn of the Sixth Happiness—The strange career of an English parlormaid who took off for China three decades ago and established herself as a missionary. In the central role, Ingrid Bergman gives a charming performance. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Matchmaker—A pleasant period piece, adapted from a play by Thornton Wilder, in which Shirley Booth is delightful as a widow who has her eye on a Yonkers merchant, a difficult man to snare. The time is late nineteenth century, and the camera does a good job of revealing some of the quaint aspects in American life during that era. Paul Ford plays the merchant Miss Booth has set her cap for, and Anthony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine supply a bit of young love. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 31.)

RKO 86th ST
RKO 86th ST
MIDNIGHT SHOW
MIDNIGHT SHOW
V de Pauw

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

Pather Panchali—An excellent film about life in a village in India, which is honest, moving, and utterly without pretension. The movie was made on location and was directed by Satyajit Ray. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Reluctant Debutante—A breezy movie in which Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison figure amiably as the parents of a young lady who, instead of paying attention to the proper young gentleman they favor as her suitor, takes up with a jazz drummer of murky ancestry. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 31.)

The Seventh Seal—An intricate and absorbing Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, that offers some views, as a morality playwright might see them, of Sweden in the throes of a plague in the fourteenth century. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 31, tentative.... ¶ Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; starting Dec. 31.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Dec. 31, tentative.)

White Wilderness—Another Disney nature study—this time, of the arctic region—which is brilliantly photographed, and focuses on about every kind of bird and beast that abounds in the Far North. Mr. Disney persists in being coy every now and then in the commentary and in the soundtrack music, but nevertheless the picture is interesting. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Dec. 30, tentative.)

Witches of Salem—Jean-Paul Sartre's interpretation of "The Crucible," Arthur Miller's drama about the way things were in one community of the theocratic state of Massachusetts in 1692. M. Sartre's Pilgrim Fathers are a gamier lot than the ones we've been taught about, but their doings are enthralling a good deal of the time. With Mylene Demongeot, Simone Signoret, and Yves Montand. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 28-30.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Alfred Hitchcock's version of the thriller about a tennis player who wants to lob his wife to eternity. Ray Milland and Grace Kelly. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 30-31.)

The Inspector General (1949)—Danny Kaye, in a Napoleonic setting, creating endless confusion. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 28-30.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 31, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years, Part II"—Through Dec. 27: "The Last Command" (1928), with Emil Jannings.... ¶ Starting Dec. 28: "The Sex Life of the Polyp" (1928), with Robert Benchley; excerpts from "The Jazz Singer" (1927), with Al Jolson, and from "Lights of New York" (1928), directed by Bryan Foy; and a Movietone newsreel with George Bernard Shaw. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1. The Museum will be closed Christmas.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Separate Tables," Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Buccaneer," Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston, Claire Bloom.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"A Night to Remember," Kenneth More. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:45. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11, Sundays at 5:30, and New Year's Eve at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th (CI 5-9800)
"The Geisha Boy," Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald, Sessue Hayakawa.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Auntie Mame," Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Bell, Book and Candle," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Rally Round the Flag, Boys!," Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Christmas at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 29-31, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The 7th Voyage of Sinbad," Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Extra performances Friday through Tuesday, Dec. 26-30, at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 31 (tentative): **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish); and "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 30: "Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère; and "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.
From Dec. 31: "The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 30 (tentative): "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.
From Dec. 31 (tentative): **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish); and "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Dec. 28: "Tom Thumb," Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young; and "Andy Hardy Comes Home," Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 29: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Doctor's Dilemma," Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 30: "Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère; and "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.
From Dec. 31: "The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Bell, Book and Candle," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"My Uncle" (in French), Jacques Tati.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
To be announced.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 31: **THE MATCHMAKER.**

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Dec. 28: "Tom Thumb," Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young; and "Andy Hardy Comes Home," Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 29: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Dec. 30 (tentative): **WHITE WILDERNESS;** and (evenings only) "Dangerous Exile," Louis Jourdan, Belinda Lee.
From Dec. 31 (tentative): "Mogambo," revival, Clark Gable, Ava Gardner; and "It's Always Fair Weather," revival, Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 30 (tentative): "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann; and "Of Life and Love" (in Italian), Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi.
From Dec. 31 (tentative): **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish); and "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 30: "Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère; and "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.
From Dec. 31: "The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 28: "Tom Thumb," Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young; and "Andy Hardy Comes Home," Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 29: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Dec. 26: "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Don't Go Near the Water," revival, Glenn Ford, Gia Scala.
Dec. 27-29: **DAMN YANKEES;** and "The Decks Ran Red," James Mason, Dorothy Dandridge.
Dec. 30-31: **DIAL M FOR MURDER,** revival; and "Interrupted Melody," revival, Eleanor Parker, Glenn Ford.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 30 (tentative): "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.
From Dec. 31 (tentative): **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE,** revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
PATHER PANCHALI (in Bengali).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 28: "Tom Thumb," Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young; and "Andy Hardy Comes Home," Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 29: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 27: **GERVAISE** (in French); and "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.
Dec. 28-30: **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE,** revival; and **THE INSPECTOR GENERAL,** revival.
From Dec. 31: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE;** and "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Dec. 30: "Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère; and "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.
From Dec. 31: "The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"My Uncle" (in English), Jacques Tati.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Dec. 31 (tentative): "Mad Little Island," Jeannie Carson, Donald Sinden.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Separate Tables," Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
WITCHES OF SALEM (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE HORSE'S MOUTH.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 28: "Tom Thumb," Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young; and "Andy Hardy Comes Home," Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 29: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Folies Bergère" (in French and English), Jeanmaire, Eddie Constantine; and "Diary of a Bad Girl" (in French), Danik Patisson, Anne Vernon.

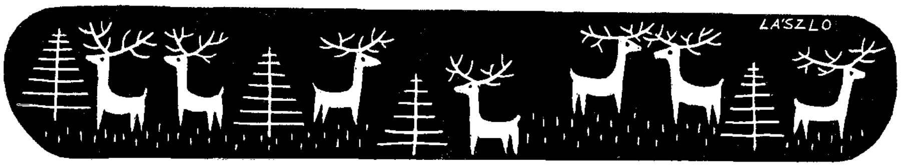
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 31: "Don Quixote," revival, Feodor Chaliapin; and "The Golden Age of Comedy," revival, a silent-movie anthology.

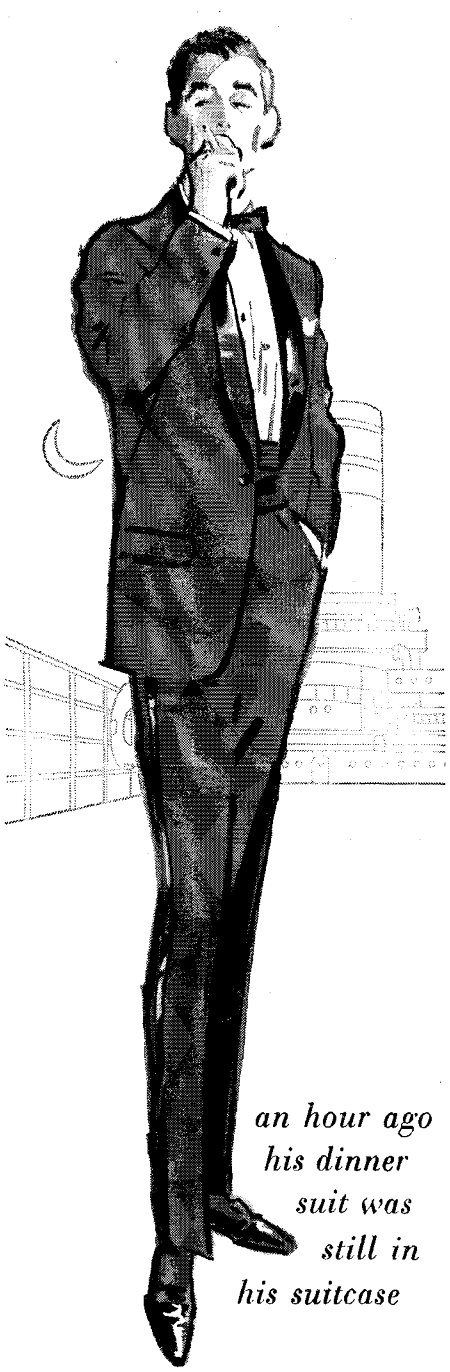
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère; and "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Dec. 30: "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann; and "Of Life and Love" (in Italian), Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi.
From Dec. 31: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish); and "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Dec. 28: "Tom Thumb," Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young; and "Andy Hardy Comes Home," Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 29: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Dec. 30: "Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère; and "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.
From Dec. 31: "The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons.





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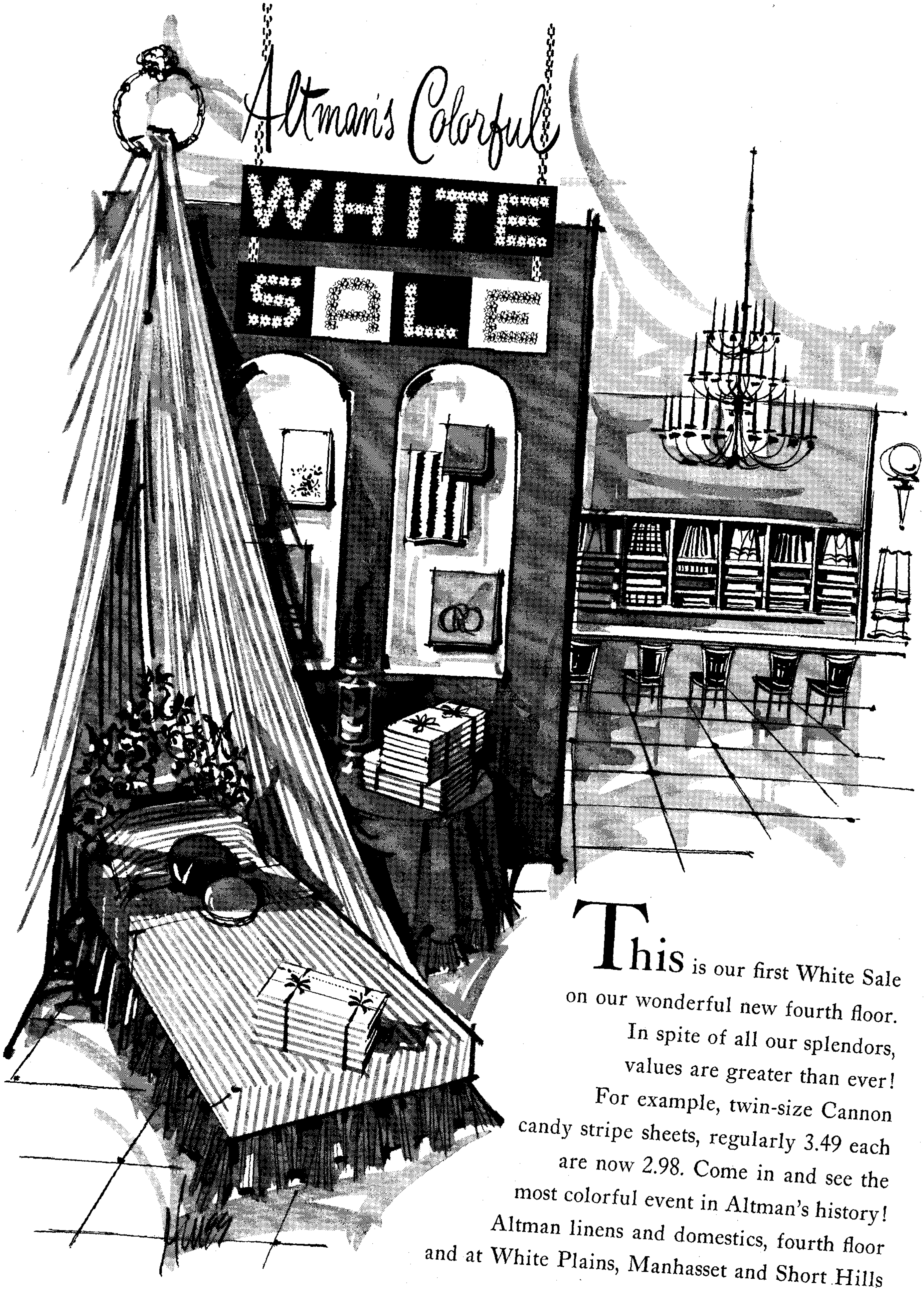

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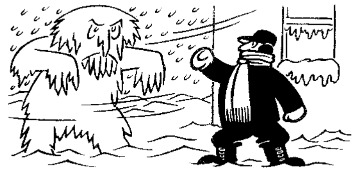
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

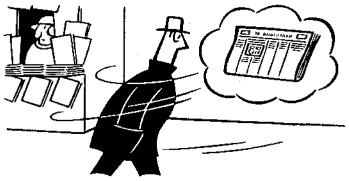
Notes and Comment

THE first Christmas present we received this year—there wasn't any question of waiting until December 25th to open it—was the weather. For as long as we can remember, we've been hearing from our elders about the good old days when Christmas was really Christmas, because winter was really winter, and at last we've been allowed to sample this hallowed reality for ourself. The air delicious but so cold that it had to be sipped, not gulped (a deep breath made your lungs ache, as if from swallowing fire); the sun dazzling but without heat, and the night skies packed with stars, each glittering with its private far-off icy sparkle; the nipped fingers and ears and toes, to be slowly restored to life at an open fire or a hissing radiator—all these old-fashioned treats have been ours this month, and we've been making the most of them. If a couple of feet of snow should wrap the city round, this holiday season, so much the better; our wife has brought down out of some obscure domestic hiding place a collection of ancient arctics, scarves, caps, ear muffs, and quilted vests (armor we never knew we owned, which may have come to us by inheritance, as our images of Christmas have), and we're ready to battle blizzards at a moment's notice. For we, too, long to hand on to our children and to our children's children tales of the days when Christmas was really Christmas, because winter was really winter.



THE Weather Bureau is getting pretty smart. Back at the beginning of the month, it predicted that we were in for a prolonged spell of unusually cold weather, and it has since announced that the average temperature here during the first half of December was lower than in any similar period for over thirty years. (It has also announced that there will be more of the same well into January.) The Bureau's official readings jibe with our unofficial ones, which we've drawn daily, shiveringly, from a dollar thermometer hanging outside our bedroom window. As, morning after morning, we've slammed the scarcely opened window shut, that red line, hovering at twenty degrees or below, has given us a countryman's preoccupation with the cold. We once spent a couple of winters in a New England village, and we recall that the first question asked at the post office every morning was "How low did it get out your way last night?" We soon learned that the trick was to jockey your neighbor into giving the reading on his thermometer before you gave the reading on yours, thus permitting yourself to practice a little harmless and soul-satisfying subtraction. "Nine above at your house, eh?" you would say, with the show of interest that the victor can always afford to grant the vanquished. "It was seven at ours."

SOMETIMES a whole crowd of disparate images and events become happily mingled into one. Why on earth should Christmas shopping, the cold weather, an old Chesterfield, our late father's fondness for fishing through the ice, Necco wafers, and the newspaper deliverers' strike have suddenly collided inside our head? Well, they did, one day last week, and in a perfectly logical way. To wit, when we set out to finish our Christmas shopping, the bitter cold prompted us to put on an old Chesterfield that we hadn't worn for years. (We found an N.R.A. label sewn to the lining of the inside pocket.) Stout as the coat was, it failed to keep us warm, and while we were darting from shop to shop, as much to take refuge as to choose gifts, we thought of how our father had rejoiced, in such weather, to drive up to a certain wind-swept mountain pond in Connecticut and fish through the ice. He would dress himself like a medieval beggar, in layer upon piebald layer of corduroy, duck, woollen, and rubber garments, and under the outermost garment he would carefully insert a copy of the *Times*. (The front section went, of course, on his chest; the second section covered his back.) "Nothing like a nice fresh copy of the *Times* for insulation," he would say, making a loud crackling sound as he set forth. But nowhere in New York last week, in our hour of need, was there a nice fresh *Times* to be had; the deliverers stood between it and us, and if the loss of all the news that's fit to print was hard to bear, the loss of creature comfort was harder still.



As for the Necco wafers—in case you thought we'd forgotten them—they were what our father always used for bait. He'd discovered, heaven knows how, that perch and pickerel found them irresistible.

Time Remembered

ONE of those cold afternoons last week, we took a Fifth Avenue bus to The Cloisters. We hadn't been up there for a long time, and it seemed like a proper time to walk through its quiet, vaulted rooms and reflect upon the season and its meaning, and the rich, documented past. We recommend the trip. The No. 4 bus rumbles past the awesome palaces of our own baronial princes (the Fricks, the Carnegies, even the princely Dukes), and steeply up Cathedral Parkway (the unfinished St. John the Divine reminding us that, like a medieval town, New York is taking a century's own time to lovingly complete a cathedral), and onto Riverside Drive, with its memorial to a warrior of the war between our states, and onto upper Broadway, past the Spanish-speaking restaurants and notion stores, and, finally, to Fort Tryon Park, where, a stone-towered retreat on a wooded summit overlooking both town and country, stands The Cloisters. No doubt about it, a winter weekday afternoon is the time for The Cloisters. Hardly anybody there—or, at any rate, hardly anybody was there the other day. We had the Middle Ages pretty much to ourself, and they unfolded serenely. There was no sound in The Cloisters other than the faint tap of our heels on the stone floor as we stepped through the white limestone doorway from the Chapel of the Knights Templars at Beaune into the twelfth century, and—tiptoeing now, to silence the tapping—down a long, arched hall to the thirteenth, and the doorway from Moutiers-Saint-Jean. That's the way it was all afternoon: a few steps, another century—two twentieth-century shoes turning left to the lion fresco from San Pedro de Arlanza and the thirteenth, turning right to the Chapter House from Notre-Dame-de-Pontaut and our old friend the twelfth. We kept telling ourself that the last bus back downtown through the ages would not be leaving until five, and we stood for quite a while in the Romanesque Chapel, admiring the highly placed capitals from Langon, the altar, the marble ciborium, and the pious, exquisitely carved wooden Virgin and Child. The chapel was fiercely protected by huge, planked, ironbound doors, with warning spikes, that seemed to say, in one breath, "Leave this room in peace," and, in another, in the form of a jolly face on the knocker (with puffed and cheerful cheeks), "Come and rest awhile."

We wandered outside onto the West Terrace, to be greeted by icy blasts from the Hudson and the snow-patched Palisades. Only the hazy smokestacks of Yonkers, upriver, and the grace of the George Washington Bridge, downriver, interrupted our daydream. Otherwise, we were on blustery ramparts, in an ancient place, guarding treasures, keeping the faith, and we marched sturdily up and down, full of ideas, until the December (One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifty-eight) cold got the better of us, and we sought refuge in the fourteenth century, in the Early Gothic Hall. We stood a long time before a Virgin and Child from the Ile-de-France—a tender, unforgettable group, the Child, with an apple, in the Mother's arms, and the Mother proud and calm. Then down some stone stairs into the even more silent Gothic Chapel, with the French and Spanish effigies and tombs, and the glories of the Evron stained-glass windows, shimmering with our sun (and theirs), now entering its winter solstice. Time to go outside again, and walk through the herb garden in the Bonnefont Cloister, the planted herbs, drawn from a list of seventy compiled by Charlemagne, now resting under snow, with a few green things, such as sage and sweetbriar, peeping through. But there was no time to tarry outside and think grand thoughts of Charlemagne (the cold again), and we went inside to the wonder of the Chalice of Antioch (fourth or fifth century), and the warmth of a painted box from the fourteenth: Minne, a *Fräulein* associated with romance, draws her bow and arrow in one scene; in another she has hit her mark, and her man, a startled look upon his simple medieval face, hands her his heart. Pretty little heart, too. We lost our sense of time in the Hall of the Unicorn Tapestries, engulfed by their loveliness, and, still bemused, we started out through the Late Gothic Hall, almost bumping into a gentle lady (twentieth) who was on her hands and knees before a crèche, installing green moss and paper-white narcissi in a floral border in front of the Three Kings, the Virgin, and the Child in the crib. "That's laurel, in the back," she said, looking up. "You find it on old coins and seals, and it goes into stews. And the orange trees—they are Seville oranges, for marmalade. See the green orange? The tree is *growing*. A merry Christmas to you!"

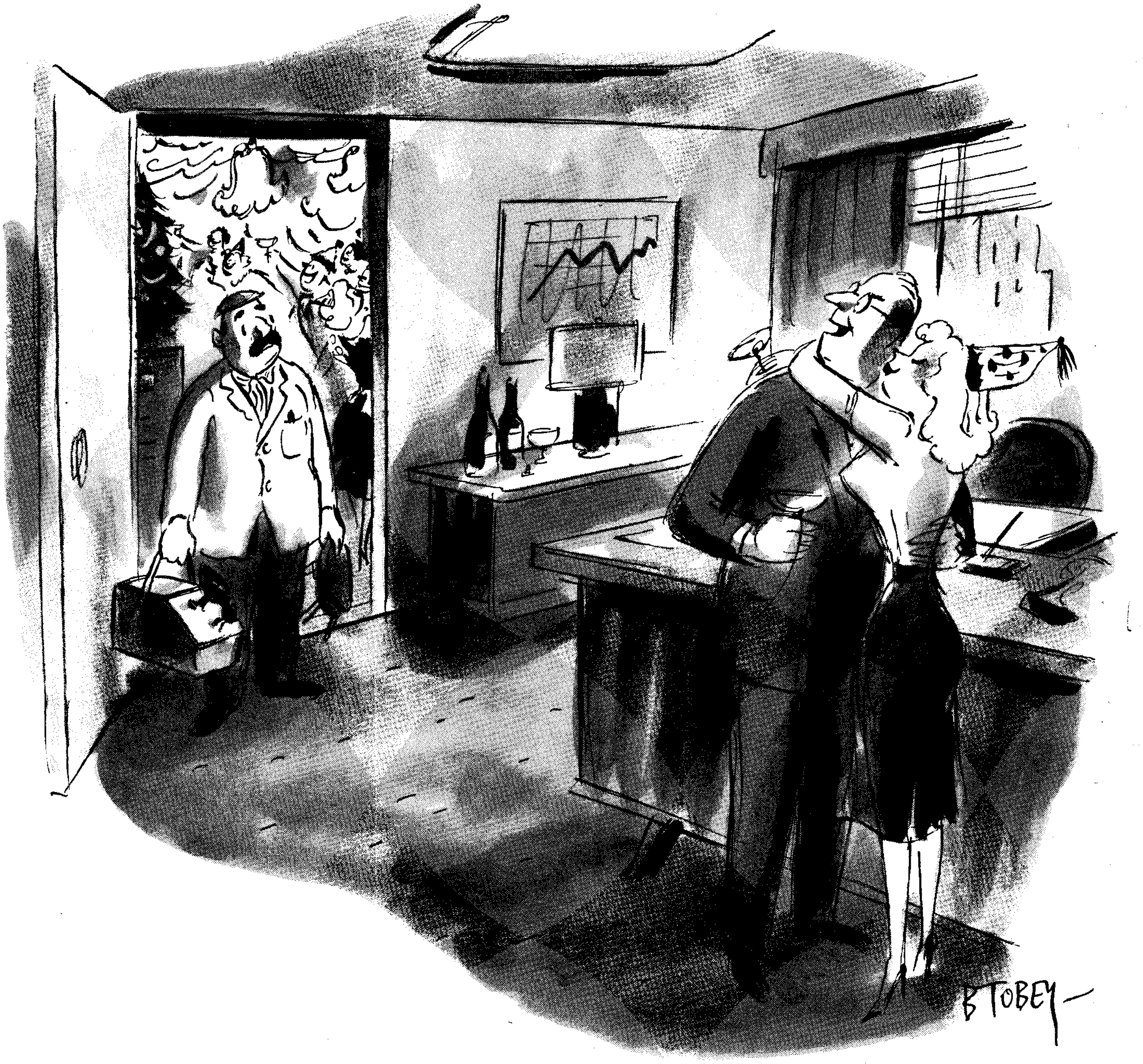
"A merry Christmas to you!" we said, and caught the bus.

Clue

A MATRON in front of an acquaintance of ours in the line at the box office of the Ethel Barrymore, where "Look Homeward, Angel" is playing, finally reached the ticket-seller, and asked, in a low tone, "Is this the play that has all the statues?" On being assured that it was, she said, in a still lower tone, "I thought so—I've seen it," and went back to wherever it was she had come from.

Where There's a Man

AN amplificative tale inspired by a three-page advertisement, relating to Marlboro cigarettes, that appeared in a recent issue of *The New Yorker* has been passed along to us from a Marlboro user who is at present hospitalized—not, to be sure, as a result of smoking. What happened was that he went quail-shooting in Virginia on a December morning with his gun and his dog, and with one of those durable, non-crushable flip-top boxes of Marlboros in the left breast pocket of his red flannel hunting shirt. After crossing a field, he came to a barbed-wire fence that he couldn't climb over, or through, so he unloaded his gun, put it carefully on the other side of the fence, and told his dog to sit. He then lay down on his back and neatly rolled under the fence, and as he did so he felt an excruciating pain in his chest. It was so intense, he tells us, that he could hardly get to his feet. Once up, he found that the pain extended up and down his side, rendered his left arm practically useless, and made breathing difficult. Thinking, naturally, that he had had a heart at-



"Not today, Alfredo."

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tack, he took a drink of whiskey from his hunting flask, told his dog to stop sitting and follow him, picked up his gun with his good arm, made his way to an opening in the fence a couple of hundred yards off, and eventually got to his car. Then he drove erratically to the local hospital. There an interne found he had cracked a rib when he rolled over on the flip-top box, and within a few minutes he was flat on his back in a private room, reading the aforementioned ad, and smoking Marlboros.

Grand Opening

OUR man Stanley came by the office the other day, exclaimed "Mail early in the day, it's the better way!," and deposited the following dispatch:

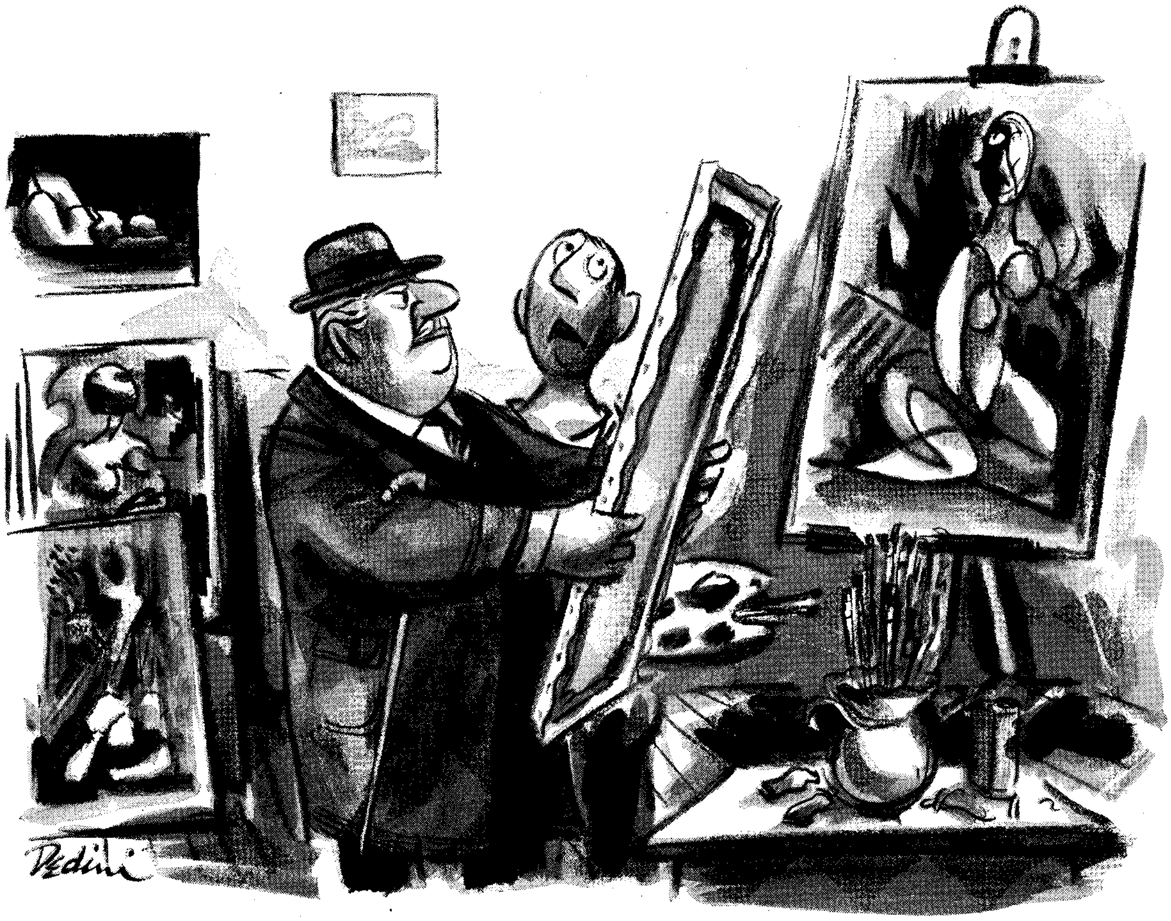
"Was on hand for dedication of new Gracie Post Office Station (New York 28, New York), at 229 East Eighty-fifth Street, between Second and Third Avenues, deep in the heart of Yorkville. Since 1926, old station had been at 211 East Eighty-seventh Street, between Second and Third Avenues, deep in the heart of Yorkville. Small move geographically, big move neighborhood-wise. Ceremonies scheduled for 11:30 A.M. Arrived few minutes early, found street closed to traffic, filled with schoolchildren, Boy Scouts, neighbors; people standing in doorway of Fred's Luncheonette, in windows of Plymouth-Pershing Garage, leaning from fire escapes across way from new, three-story tan brick post office. New York Post Office Band seated in street, alongside speakers' stand ablaze with bunting. Rows of folding chairs on sidewalk to accommodate hundred or more guests. Speakers' stand filling up with dignitaries, dignitaries' wives wearing orchids. Took seat on folding chair near entrance to post office. Entrance guarded by two tiny Tenderfoot Boy Scouts, Troop 608, holding red, white, and blue ribbon stretched across doorway. Tenderfeet erect, solemn, conscious of heavy responsibilities. 'Off from school?' I whispered to nearest Tenderfoot. 'Whole day,' whispered Tenderfoot, with dignified, grateful smile, engaging wink. Boy will go far. Someone handed me program, including inscription on United States Post Office in Washington, D.C.:

> Messenger of Sympathy and Love
> Servant of Parted Friends
> Consoler of the Lonely
> Bond of the Scattered Family
> Enlarger of the Common Life . . .

"11:27—Flourishes from band, followed by Zambarano's 'National Capital March.' Stirring music. Slight delay while more dignitaries, orchids arrived. Band played 'Colonel Bogey March,' theme song of 'The Bridge on the River Kwai.' Expected Alec Guinness to stomp past with special-delivery. Ceremonies under way. A. F. Weierich, Assistant Postmaster of New York, introduced Robert K. Christenberry, Acting Postmaster of New York. Mr. Christenberry welcomed guests, asked Boy Scout, any Boy Scout, to step forward, lead assemblage in pledge of allegiance. Host of eager beavers leaped forward. One chosen. Delivered pledge in clear, forceful tones. Flag raised, got tangled. Thomas Root, of New York Post Office, sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' Invocation by Rev. Paul A. Wolf, Brick Presbyterian Church. Selected dignitaries, led by Mr. and Mrs. Christenberry, climbed down from stand, took up post at building entrance. Tenderfeet at full attention now. Band tooting away. Trenchant moment. 'When I say "Go," go,' said lady in black hat to Mrs. Christenberry. Mrs. Christenberry nodded. 'Go!' said lady. Mrs. Christenberry went, with scissors; cut ribbon. Entire block applauded. Dignitaries remounted stand.

"Second blessing of station delivered by Rev. Herman L. Heide, St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Christenberry read telegram from Senator Javits expressing regret at unavoidable absence from 'this auspicious occasion.' Speeches followed. Lloyd W. Hardy, of Real Estate Board of New York, wore bow tie, expressed enthusiasm for neighborhood improvement, said that site of new building was best site, that his family had moved to Yorkville in 1914, that he had attended P.S. 30. Lady walked in front of me, headed for post office. Wanted to mail letter. Was told to use side entrance; decided to stay, block view. Hulan Jack, Borough President of Manhattan, announced that he was happy to be present on 'this great occasion.' Christenberry asked dignitaries on stand to rise, take bows—Regional Real Estate Manager, Space Requirements Officer, Regional Controller, builders of building, architects of building, owners of building, and bankers. Applause for all. I could see nothing, asked lady to move over. 'I just wanted to mail a letter,' lady said, moving over. Kenneth P. Steinreich now speaking. Head of Yorkville Chamber of Commerce, Ruppert Brewery. Praised neighborhood, praised Third Avenue—'now a smart boulevard.' Congressman Alfred E. Santangelo fervent speaker, great phrasemaker. Told how 'L' had gone down—'that crickety structure.' Said Yorkville had seen three new post offices in last two years. 'We have seen apartment houses luxurious and budding, and now the Gracie Station gracing Yorkville, the garden spot of New York in your own home town of Yorkville!' Praised people who wrote letters, people who received letters, people who delivered letters; said new structure was 'harbinger of an expanding town, a greater Yorkville;' said, 'Mail with joy, so we can live with joy among our families!' Extended applause. Howard Coonen, Regional Operations Director, brought greetings from Postmaster General Summerfield; Mr. Christenberry said this was occasion he would always remember, urged people to address letters clearly, wrap packages securely, mail early, and always include zone numbers. He thanked schoolchildren, guests, owners, builders, and Fire Department. Rabbi Judah Nadich, Park Avenue Synagogue, delivered third blessing, and ceremonies were over.

"Entrance doors opened, crowd swarmed into building. I followed. Restrained modern green-and-beige affair, with egg-crate lighting, terrazzo floors, bank-type counters without glass or partitions. Bulletin boards plastered with pictures of great many men wanted by F.B.I. Green pens chained to writing tables. Bought four-cent stamp from man behind counter. 'Like your new building?' I asked. Man shook head. 'Too open, much too open,' he said. 'All exposed. Now, in the old place . . .' "



"When I'm dead and gone, they're sure to increase in value, and, frankly, I haven't been feeling so good lately."

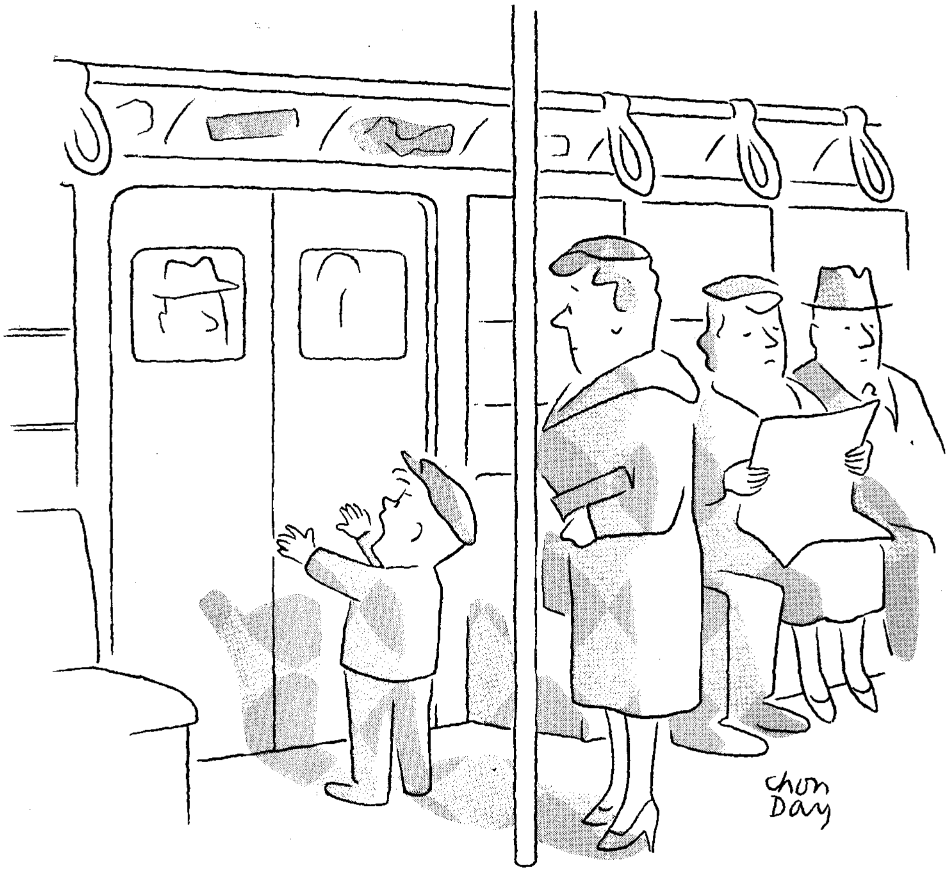
Supererogatory

A CURRENT naval person (lieutenant, j.g.) reports that while strolling around the base in Key West not long ago he came upon a derrick sunning itself at the edge of a road. A gigantic contraption, it had a warning stencilled on its side. "For Official Use Only," the warning read.

Avenue Incident

A FELLOW we know who is growing sentimental with age constantly reminds us how kind New York used to be in the days of prohibition. "Anybody who had been drinking and who couldn't manage himself on the street afterward was your brother," he says. "A fellow-sufferer for freedom. People would sometimes go blocks out of their way to get a strange drunk home and see he came to no harm. One drink of the stuff they served in the best places then might have done it, and there but for You Know What went you. Prohibition brought people together, like the blitz in London. Al Smith was our hero, and anybody with rum on his breath was demonstrably resisting oppression." This fellow doesn't drink seriously himself any more, but what he misses, he tells us, is the love that pervaded the atmosphere. "If a drunk falls down in front of the young people they have today," he says, "the best they will do for him is stop and leave a card on his chest directing him to the nearest branch of Alcoholics Anonymous."

Our friend was bowling along lower Madison Avenue about eleven o'clock one brisk night last week, walking to keep his weight down—so he told us when we last saw him—in a region quiet after dark but not completely deserted, when a group on a corner attracted his attention. There was a tall, kerchiefed young woman, swaying; a bulky old woman, hanging on to the young one but slumping; and a tiny, still older woman on crutches, her bright-yellow dyed hair shining under the street lamp, who was hopping about with distress but, for obvious reasons, was unable to lend a hand. "I walked right past them, the bad antisocial habits formed during twenty-six years of sumptuary liberty advising me to stay out of trouble," he said, "and then I stopped and read myself a lecture. 'The poor old woman may fall down in the street and break her skull,' I said, 'and she may be a girl you once saw in a speakeasy in the glorious days, who took to drink because some fellow like you wouldn't marry her, or did. You are acting like a Harvard man of a recent class.' " (He is a Dartmouth man himself.) With that, he went back and got his arms under the old woman's armpits while her knees were still off the pavement, and he and the younger woman heaved her upright. The girl was suspicious, and said, "You leave us alone. We ain't doing any harm," but the little one on crutches hopped up and down, crying "He's all right! Let him handle her!" "I just didn't want her to fall," he told the girl apologetically, because, he says, he didn't want to seem intruding. Just then, the stricken woman, who was about a hundred and seventy pounds of dead weight, said, "Leave me to this one. He's a quiet man." Her confidence touched him, he says, until she said to the girl, "Go on along with you. Leave me with him, I tell you." He had a nasty scare, thinking of himself standing in the ghastly lamplight, the heavy woman slumped against him, he with both arms under hers and no place but the curb to sit her down while he looked for help, she probably unconscious and he without the faintest notion of where she lived. He told us he said "Oh, *no!*" with such anguish that the girl, who had only a quarter of a load on, began to laugh. After that, the girl and the little cripple said that the woman lived in a hotel just down the street, and that they would be all right if they could get her over the last fifty yards. The girl in the kerchief, now in good humor, and our searcher for times past hiked the casualty along between them and up some marble stairs into the lobby of a magnificent hotel of the eighteen-nineties, gone to seed since about the time of Stanford White.



"Open sesame!"

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"It looked like the anteroom of a crematory," our man said, "full of old people sitting on gilded chairs, and half of them stiff." They leaned the old woman up against the great, solemn reception desk, and when she had got her hands flat against the marble, she could hold herself upright. "She's a dear old soul," the girl said then. "She never done any of us any harm, buying drinks for the house every night." And the nostalgic fellow could see that the woman had blue-white hair and a wide, pink face—just the type to have played a mother in the silent movies, and maybe she had. Once the woman was off his arm, he said, he made for the door and went out into the night, as gay as if he were suddenly twenty-six years younger, and around the corner and off down Fifth, singing under his breath and thinking of all the terrible trouble he could have got into if the girl and the cripple had left him and the old woman alone on the corner before he knew where she lived.

"It is no true kindness unless it entails the risk of inconvenience," he told us. "But it's a great thing to be a good Samaritan and get off easy."

DRY RUN—EVERYBODY DOWN!

> ... Warner financing was arranged for the movie ["The Old Man and the Sea"], and Hemingway was given an advance of $175,000. The author suggested that Peter Viertel, whose work he knew, write the screen play. Hemingway wanted Viertel, as part of his conditioning, to live for a while in a primitive Cuban fishing shack and to spend an equal amount of time handling a native fishing dory, single-handed, against the turbulent currents and under the blazing 120-degree summer sun of the Gulf Stream. Viertel surprised everyone (except, perhaps, Hemingway) by surviving this tropical ordeal, and, later, completed the script in New York. *—From an article by Halsey Raines in the Times.*

OILSKINS agleam, his orangutan eyes glittering at the prospect of baksheesh, the doorman of the Ganymede bent forward into my taxi, plucked me from it like a walnut meat, and expertly tilted his umbrella to funnel the maximum of rain down my collar. "Great weather for ducks," he whickered, all greasy bonhomie. I rewarded him with a smile negotiable at any frozen-food locker and circled past into the lobby. At the desk, a sallow ramrod in a regimental necktie that could have denoted His Majesty's Seventh Imperturbables mantled his forehead in disdain when I asked for Mort Schrift.

"Would he be expecting you, perchance?" he inquired, struggling to master his incredulity. I examined his cravat as though it were a lizard, and said briefly that I was a client of the man. "Suite 647," he disclosed, producing a small box, "and you might take along this parcel from Dunhill's that just arrived. It's his special mixture—I happen to know he needs it quite urgently."

"Gee whillikins!" I said. "I hope he can hold out till I get there."

"That I'll guarantee you," he returned spitefully.

Shrivelling him to ash with a glance (though I daresay he may have twitched spasmodically for a while), I stalked toward the elevators. The other occupants of my car were a pair of tall, willowy thoroughbreds apparently checking in from Oshkosh, for they were flanked by luggage, the color of a weathered skull, of every conceivable size. From their faint air of revulsion, I sensed that they were unaccustomed to persons bearing packages, so I receded as far as I was able into the costly woodwork. The coryphee who opened the door of Schrift's antechamber, a Dresden-china shepherdess with scallops of blue-black hair framing her face, looked like the secretaries he generally used on his lightning visits from the Coast—more adept at disengaging a zipper at the Copa than at shorthand. She uttered a happy squeak at the sight of the parcel.

"You finally brought it!" she cried. "We were calling up all morning! Here, wait till I get some change—"

I explained, rather frigidly, that I was no delivery boy but a business associate, who, at Schrift's entreaty, had trekked from the Pennsylvania bush in a torrential downpour, and that unless given instant audience I had other fish to fry. "Is he up yet?" I demanded.

"Well—er—I think so," she said evasively. "I mean, he didn't get in till four. He hosted a party at Neuralgio's for our new French author, Claude Nasal-Passages, and then everybody went on to the Twelve Apostles."

"In that case," I began, but rhetoric withered on my lips. Clad in primrose-yellow pajamas the breast pocket of which bore a large fleur-de-lis and his initials in soutache, Schrift leaped from the bedroom and caught me in a hammerlock. So emotional was his welcome and so astringent his cologne that I was nearly undone. After all, it was almost two years since he had become my agent in Hollywood, and while he had never earned me even a picayune, I still viewed him as my genie in embryo. "I had a hell of a time getting here, brother," I revealed when we had finished trading insincerities. "I hope it's not the usual wild-goose chase."

"Pops," declaimed Schrift, one hand on his soutache and the other raised like Richelieu, "this much I'll tell you. We stand on the threshold of such loot that it frightens me. Piastres—yellow doubloons—the wealth of the Indies! But first there must be coffee," he said, spinning toward his odalisque. "Don't stand there—bring coffee, toast, the papers! And get John Huston on the phone."

"In Galway?" she queried uncertainly.

"Galway," he groaned. "He was in Galway *yesterday;* today he's in Cuzco. Wait—on second thought, never mind; I'll see him Thursday at Klosters. Here, baby," he said, turning back to me, "come in the bedroom while I dress. Larry Olivier's waiting for me at the Pavillon, and you know how he hates to be hung up." I didn't, but I realized that to expect preferential treatment over a knight would be absurd, especially since I had lost face with Schrift by hastening to his summons, and I complied meekly. Dispersing the hillock of galley proofs and playscripts on a twin bed, my genie bade me sit, and vanished into a closet. To judge by the bounteous wardrobe he had imported for his forty-eight-hour visit, he evidently planned to run the social gamut. Even the mantelpiece, I observed with wonder, held a quartet of sports caps in various arresting tweeds, all cinctured at the brim by minuscule leather belts. A moment later, Schrift reappeared in a striking pair of undershorts, with vertical stripes like French wallpaper. "Now, for openers," he began, extracting the trees from a pair of suède chukker boots, "did you read this new best-seller 'Valuta,' by Waldemar Knobnose?"

"Only the first eighteen pages," I admitted. "The woman whose copy it was got off the bus at Altman's."

"Well, you missed a great literary experience, catharsiswise," he said. "It's going to make the hottest picture in the annals of the industry, and you, lover"—he stabbed his index finger at me forcefully—"are going to adapt it for the screen. At a prince's ransom."

"Sounds tempting," I said, making no ef-

fort to conceal my skepticism, "but there's one detail you forget—censorship. A romance between a nine-year-old bank auditor and a female cashier six times his age? Show me one Hollywood producer who'd dare to make a movie of that."

"O.K., wisenheimer, I will," chortled Schrift, in triumph. "I closed a deal for it at three o'clock yesterday with Jerry GeWald himself! Four hundred and thirty thousand smackers, plus eight per cent of the gross!"

"And he intends to follow the story just as it stands?" I asked doubtfully.

"Down to the smallest financial and emotional *drehdel*," he swore. "The audience'll see every goddam roll of pennies she steals—they'll quiver with him as he strives to reconcile her debits, as their totals accidentally brush, as passion is born. Then the midnight orgies around the adding machine in the deserted cage, where she plies him with drugged brownies, and their cross-country flight through the entire banking system till she loses him to that little blond tramp of a C.P.A. Yes, sirree, GeWald's going to film it all, and he's hungry for you to do the screenplay, regardless of fee."

"Then what's the hitch?" I demanded, mindful of the worm that lurked somewhere in his golden apple.

"Look at this shirt!" exclaimed Schrift, with sudden irrelevant fury. "Specially made for me by Thresher & Glenny in London—it cost more than you probably spent on coal last winter. If I told 'em once, I told 'em a hundred times—I want the monogram in Old *English*, not roman type! What do they think I am—a letterhead? No wonder the British Empire's falling apart."

"Getting back to 'Valuta,'" I reminded him gently, "who does GeWald have in mind for the leads? Now that Freddie Bartholomew's shaving, there may be trouble casting the boy auditor."

"Ah, we don't have to stick to the book too literally," he said carelessly. "I'd buy any good juvenile in the part—like Donald O'Connor, say, or Paul Newman. Then your cashier, I see her as a little younger dame—a Julie Newmar, or Cyd Charisse with a silver rinse. The main thing is to preserve the *spirit* of the novel, which is why Knobnose, the author, wants you to work in a bank first. GeWald's set up the whole thing for you, the job and everything—"

"Hold on," I interjected. "You mean I have to take a fiscal to qualify for the assignment?"

"Don't blow your stack, for Crisake," implored Schrift from the depths of the pullover he was squirming into. "It's only to condition you—to help you dig the psychology of the characters. All you got to do is spend a month or so behind the wicket, handling bills of different denominations, chaffing depositors, and like that. It's a friendly little family bank in Sphagnum, New Jersey—the Peculators' & Predators' National."

"It isn't going to be all that simple," I demurred. "To really steep myself in the boy's point of view, I'd have to live the role—dress the way he does, play with trains, even contract measles."

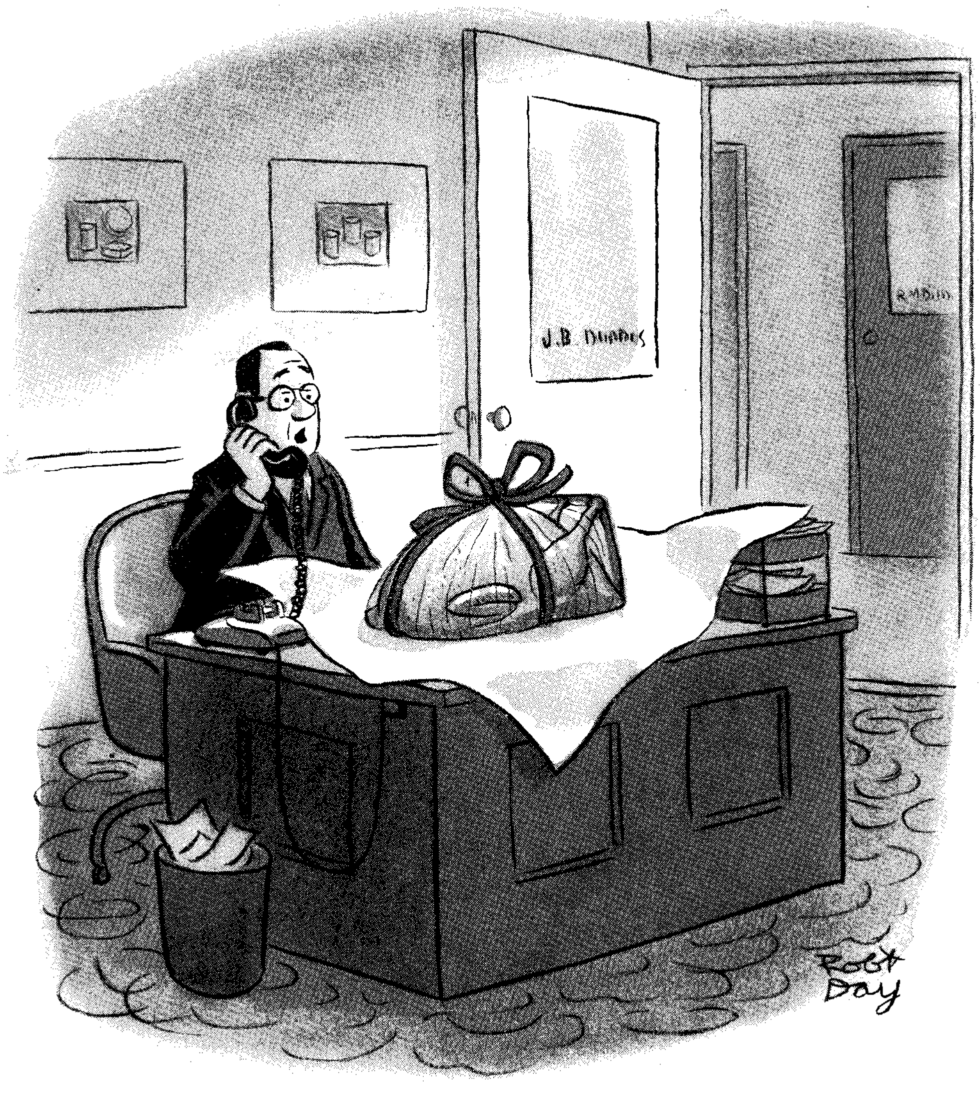
"Nah, just put on knickerbockers and get rid of the mustache," he advised. "Those squares over in Jersey'll never tumble—their kids look like old men anyway. Well," he said, knotting a Paisley kerchief under his blazer, "I'm glad you kindled to the idea, and I know you'll do a sensational script if I can sell Olivier on you."

"Olivier?" I repeated. "Where does he fit into this?"

"He doesn't yet, but he will when we get through lunch," predicted Schrift confidently. "It's a terrific vehicle for him. Can you imagine a marquee reading 'Valuta, with Sir Laurence Olivier'? Man, would that bring in the people!"

"Even in a rainstorm," I agreed, rising. "And, speaking of bringing in people in a rainstorm, the next time you dare to call me and suggest—"

As oblivious as though I were speaking Urdu, Schrift whisked up the



"Dear, about the Christmas bonus. I just wanted to warn you that it isn't as much as it was last year. In fact . . ."

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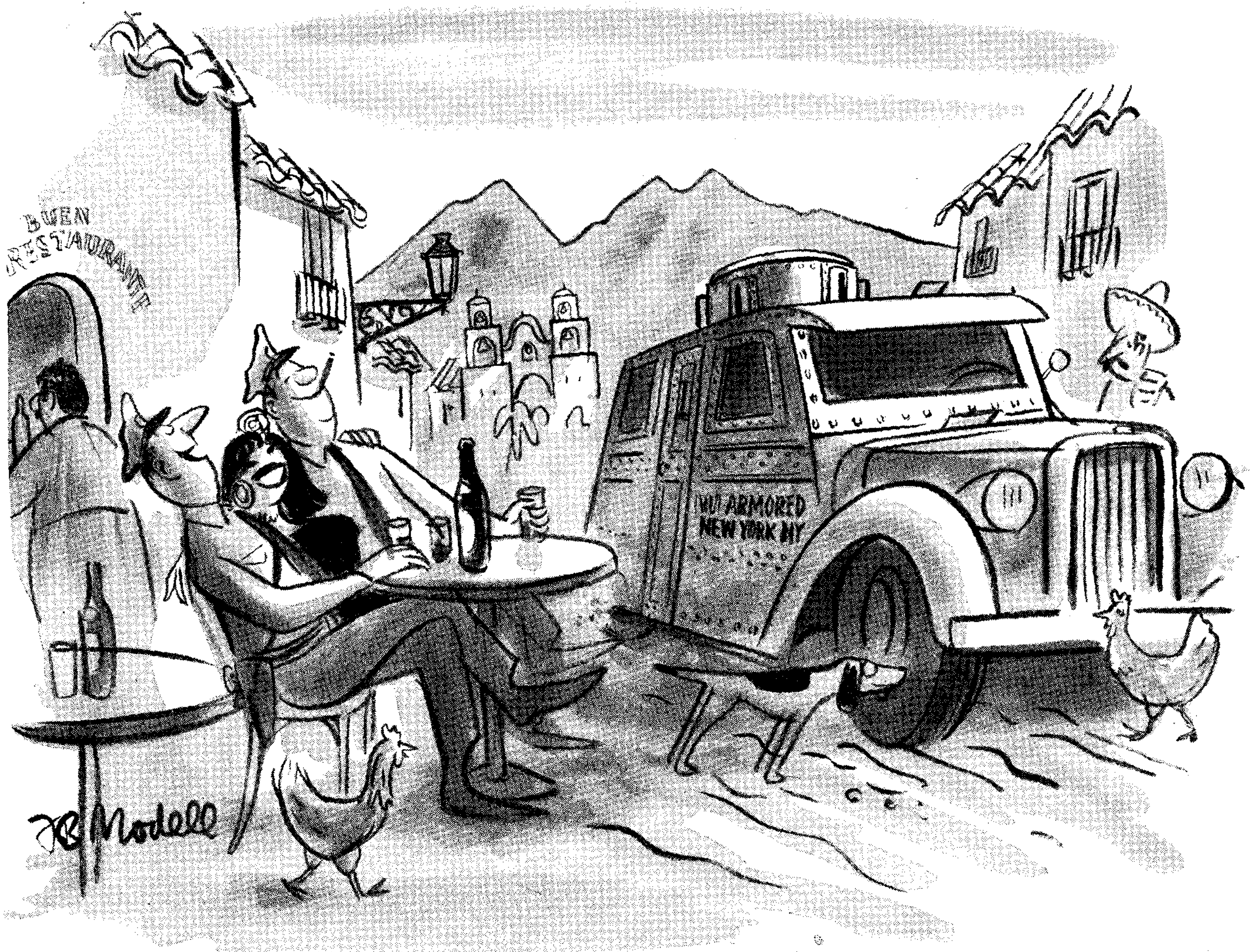

"And they said it couldn't be done!"

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phone, cuddled it in his shoulder, and fired a volley of orders at his handmaiden off-scene. They involved a multiplicity of names of such theatrical lustre—Moss and Noël, Leland and Abe, George and Josh—that my grievance trailed off into a peevish whine. Capping his monologue with a command to rush Marlene a dozen orchids and break their dinner date, Schrift swung about peremptorily. "What's it doing outside?" he barked.

"Why—er—I— I guess it's still teeming, Mort," I said, in an unexpected falsetto that was deeply humiliating.

"Hmm," he observed with a frown. "Good thing I brought my rainwear from the Coast." He plunged into the closet and emerged with an armful of mackintoshes, trench coats, and waterproofs of various weights. Selecting a heavy rubberized garment ideally suited to the Brazilian rain forest, he slipped into it and crossed to the mantelpiece. For a moment, he stood indecisive before the array of tweed caps; then; donning one scarcely larger than a wheat cake, he tightened its surcingle and threw me a crisp nod. "Come along," he commanded. "You can walk me down the lobby."

Our descent, somnambulistic as any of Beebe's to the ocean floor, was devoid of incident except for one moment at the elevator. As the doors clashed open to admit us, I was confronted by the same patrician couple, surrounded by their osseous luggage, with whom I had risen earlier. They had apparently stood there, transfixed and endlessly levitating, the whole time—unless, of course, they were waxworks arranged by the management to lend chic to the premises. Schrift, immersed in a wad of cables and correspondence, paid them no heed, merely emitting an occasional yelp of gratification or anguish at some coup or setback.

Once on the sidewalk, he suddenly recollected my existence and seized my hand in a grip so convulsive that it almost brought me to my knees. "Keep in touch, now," he rapped out, "and whatever you do, stay near the phone. The way this deal's developing, I may need you in the middle of the night." He nimbly sidestepped a basset hound that had wound itself about his ankles, and, with a wave, pelted off toward Madison.

I've eaten and slept by the phone ever since, but thus far no word. I suspect they've hired Peter Viertel for the post, and quite properly. Be it in quest of a marlin or a defalcation, he's twice the man I am.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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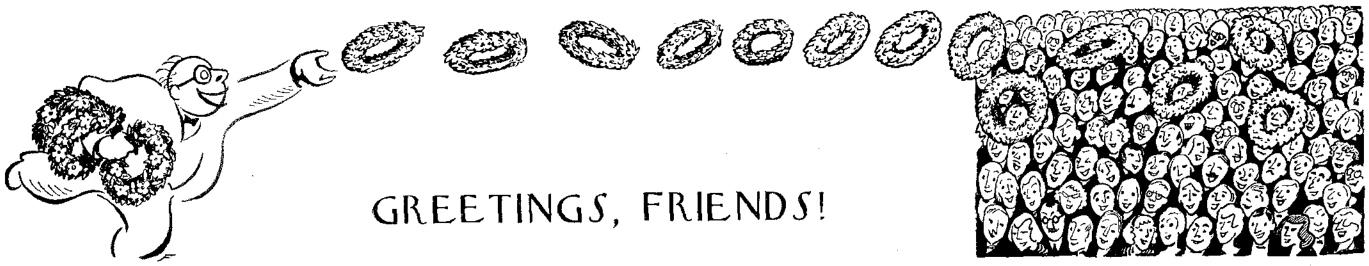
The positions on a hockey team are goal tender, more commonly called goalie in the United States and goaler in Canada; left defense, right defense, centre, left wing and right wing. The wings and the centre constitute the forward positions and they operate most frequently as an offensive unit although there is nothing in the rules to prevent a defenseman from engaging in any aggressive play. All players are required to wear ice skates.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

Traditionalists!

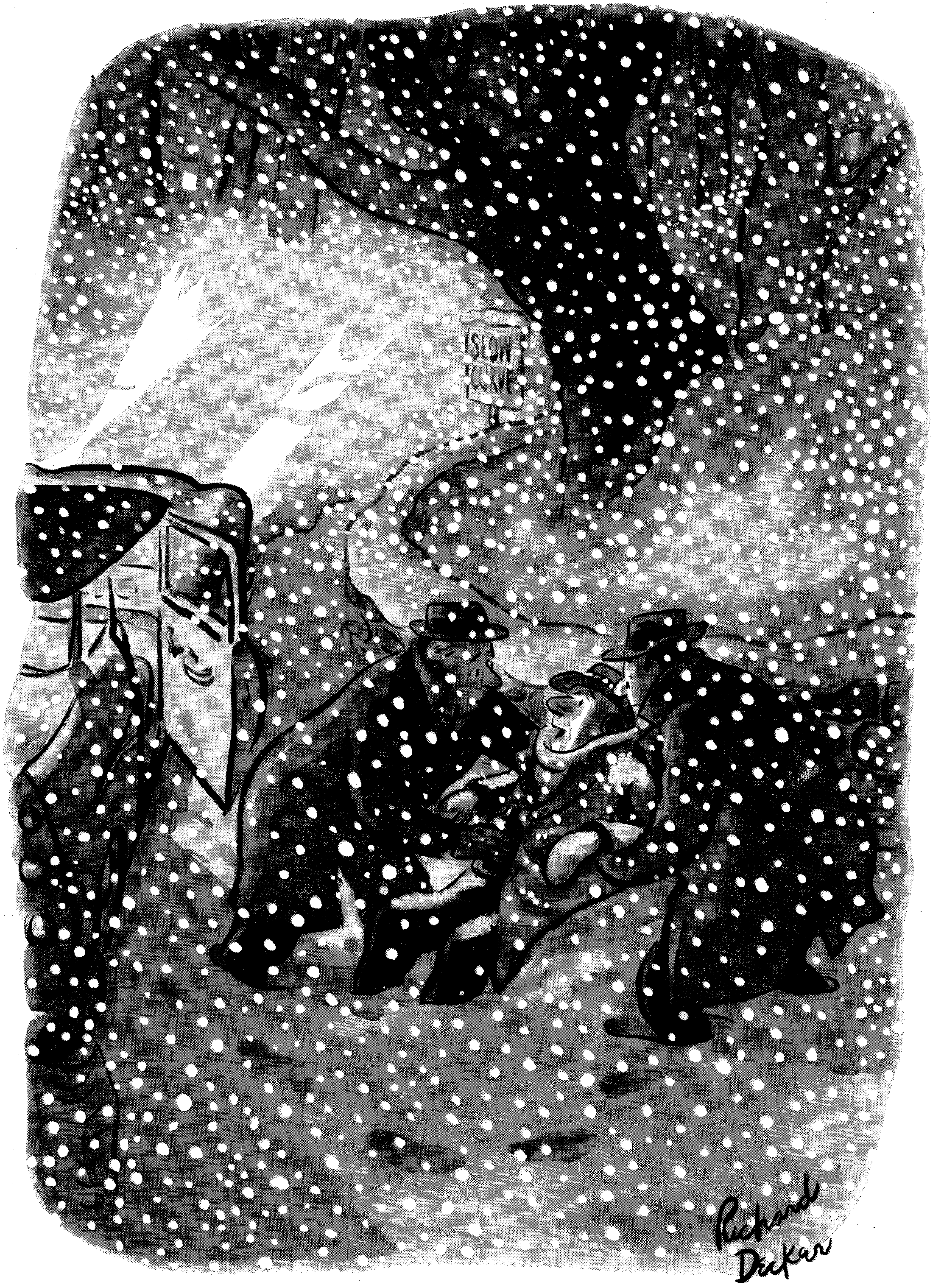


GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

'Tis the night before Christmas, and all through this page
You're apt to find bursts of fond holiday rage
In token of love for our friends and our foes
As this turbulent year totters near to its close.
So, Christmas joy to one and all
Is what we say to Juanita Hall,
And what we say to our friend Hugh Beach
Is New Year cheer to all and each.
A happy Yule to everyone—
To Agnes Ash and Mignon Dunn;
Greetings to Father John LaFarge;
A blessing on the world at large!
We'll join in a jovial holiday bun
With all the candidates who won;
Wassail to Senator Gale McGee,
And Nelson, our Governor next-to-be!
God rest ye merry, Democrats!
Let there be magnificats
And other paeans by the choir
For Vermont's landslide, William Meyer!
Sing a glee for Arthur Healy,
Pat Smithwick, and Elwyn Seelye;
Drink success to the United Nations,
To lunar circumnavigations;
Carouse in honor of Elston Howard;
Shout a Come-all-ye for Noël Coward;
And hope that Congress Eighty-six
Will give us a rest from politics!
(The hope, though general, is vain;
They've already started the next campaign.)
Busses from singer Laurel Hurley
Should be in order for Bob Turley,
Red Buttons, William Brede,
Van Cliburn, and Harrison Tweed.
Peace to the devotees of Zen!
Happy gloom to the Beat Young Men—
Osborne, Amis, Kerouac
(Man, dig that misanthropic Jack!).
Cheers for the Morrises, Edna and John,
For Governor Ave and the Aga Khan!
Our homage, writ on a golden plaque,
To Hero Boris Pasternak!
Joy to President Sarah Blanding,
Christopher Chenery, First Landing,
Walter Kiernan, John Cotter,
Briggs Cunningham, Elma Dotter!
Noël, Noël to Barry Morell,
Wallace Cox, Nicole Courcel,
Vivian Fuchs, Stan Freeman,
Ngaio Marsh, and Herbert Lehman!
Peace to Alfredo Antonini!
A primitive for James J. Sweeney!
We now feel urged to shout hurrah
For Louise Talma and Robert Shaw;
We'd also like to yell hooray
For Tom Skypeck and Elaine May!
Love to Mrs. Howard Cullman!
Regards to you, James Ramsey Ullman,
And skoal to a most valiant fella
By the name of Campanella!
Greetings from this intrepid rhymer
Are pressed upon George Oppenheimer,
Wernher von Braun, William Sansom,
Arthur Miller, and John Crowe Ransom.
Give tasty gifts to Peter Finch,
Harry Golden, and Christopher Lynch;
Pin costly jewelry on Pat Stanley;
Send Sulka ties to John P. Shanley;
And give all sorts of pretty things
To Peggy Wood and Ketti Frings.
Now, varlets, deck the hall with mist-
Letoe and stuff for Harlin Quist;
Trim the lintel with fragrant pine
For Mme. Artur Rubinstein,
And fix the joint up nice with holly
For Bernstein, Reiner, Barbirolli,
Leinsdorf, Walter, Munch, and Schippers;
And Jackie Murphy and other nippers!
See that a pleasant Christmas snow
Wafts gently down upon Fred Coe,
On George Panetta, Nat King Cole,
Francis Dixon, and Charles de Gaulle.
Come, let us chant the "Marseillaise"
For France, to wish her happy days,
And while we're at it, let us ask a
Benison upon Alaska.
By all the stars that twink above,
We swear to cherish Leonard Dove,
And our good will could not be keener
Than it is for Jo Mielziner,
Isaac Marcosson, Hugh Baillie,
King Hussein, and Berton Braley.
Minstrels, kindly get on the job
For Mildred Rockwell and Dr. Bob,
And give with song for Reginald Torrey,
Warren Mehrtens, and Piper Laurie!
We'll gather round the groaning board
With Cabot Lodge and Constance Ford,
And fall upon a Twelfth Night cake
With Bob, Avard, and Charlie Dake;
We'll toss a party for Eddie Bracken,
Toss a salad for Richard McCracken,
Ply our godchild Patricia Ross
With turkey wings and giblet sauce.

And though these days it seems Misrule
Has taken entire charge of the Yule,
We still will welcome '59
By bursting into "Auld Lang Syne"
For friends who tarry far away.
To those we meet with every day,
To those whose names refuse to rhyme,
Our fondest at this Christmastime,
And to those whose monikers won't scan,
The best from old

FRANK SULLIVAN


SLOW
CURVE
Richard
Decker

"We were carolling the Bufords, and I got separated from the main party."

LAVALLIÈRE

THINGS narrow down as the years go on; the infinite prospects, the endless variety of possible outcomes that confront one, or seem to, when one is young tend to diminish inexorably as one grows older. The walls close in, and the exit, as one approaches it, gets not larger but smaller. I still remember, for instance, the moment when I decided (learned, rather; the fact was borne in on me) that I would never be really rich.

It was one of those clear, crisp days in early spring that have now become almost legendary, in our smog-smitten New York—when the very air seems to have a sparkle of its own, as the sun has its own special brilliance, spreading coolness and clarity, rather than warmth, over everything—and I was walking down Fifth Avenue. I was passing a row of shops somewhere below Fifty-seventh Street when a car pulled in to the curb just ahead of me.

It was a town car, black, sleek, polished, luxurious, and it had hardly stopped before a footman hopped out and opened the door, and a woman—a very pretty woman, too, slim, hatless, with an oval face, white-skinned, and hair as sleekly black as the car itself—stepped to the pavement. She was furred, and she wore the furs carelessly; she was jewelled, she was exquisite. She was also abstracted, or else so completely assured that she felt no need to defer to others, for she gave not a glance to any of us who were passing at the time; we made way for her as she walked quickly across the sidewalk and into one of the shops.

I never saw her again, that I know of. But I remember the whole thing vividly, for it was then, on seeing her, that I was seized with a sudden realization of the amount of sheer wealth there must be—that there had to be—in the background, to produce this swift, lovely apparition. In a way, the moment had the quality of a real revelation, for I remember thinking, too, of the thousands of tiny details, each one costly and necessary, and above all long-accustomed, that were implicit in the episode, from the car that was not only washed but dusted daily (and the carriage house, still maintained on some side street uptown, and the men—the chauffeur, the footman—who did the washing and dusting) to the maids, the laundress, the cook, and all the rest of the household who clothed, fed, pampered, and cared for this precious creature; in short, the wealth (and, I felt sure, the long-accumulated, established wealth) that was involved in and was essential to every moment of her existence.

As I say, I never saw the lady again, and indeed I had no desire to. She was in her middle thirties, for one thing, which made her an "older woman" in my eyes. I don't want, either, to make it seem that I felt in any way mournful or even wistful about the episode. As a matter of fact, I was not only impressed, I was also appalled by the complications that wealth, as I suddenly realized, carried with it; being rich, for a bohemian like myself, might very possibly be the least bit boring. Or being that rich, anyway. I can't tell precisely why that revelation should have come over me at that particular moment on Fifth Avenue; in fact, at first glance it seems odd that it should have happened so, for I had just come back from a stay of some years in France, and I'd seen there, many times, handsomer and more exotic cars—Isottas, Hispanos, Bugattis—with even more glamorous women riding in them. Yet it occurs to me, now—mightn't that have been part of the reason? For the wealth I saw there was French wealth, and so a little unreal and mysterious, as the women I saw descending from their cars in front of the shops along the Rue de la Paix were French, too, and so equally remote and mysterious.

Now, though, I was on my own home grounds. The money here was reckoned in millions, not in milliards, and it was not in francs but in dollars—the kind that I had in my pockets, except that I had fewer of them. And—I don't know—there may have been other impulses involved that I don't remember now. All this happened in the early nineteen-twenties, when I was in my early twenties myself. I was a writer, or I wanted to be one, and though I knew that the occupation was generally considered to be unremunerative, I didn't want to work at anything else any more than I had to.

So I dreamed, instead, of some undemanding but still life-sustaining job (as a railroad-crossing tender, maybe, where I could write away cozily in my little shack between trains) or, alternatively, of some sudden coup (a stock-market tip, say, that I played astutely, pyramiding a small initial investment right up into thousands, then tens and even hundreds of thousands) that would relieve me forever of any financial worries.

And till then—and, till then, it had been my family that had largely supported me—it had been dreams like this that had buffered me against reality. I suppose it was the sense of reality that caught up with me that day on Fifth Avenue. At any rate, I can still recall the definiteness and the clarity—the quietness of it, too, for my mood was not envious or resentful; one doesn't quarrel with finality—of the thought that crossed my mind as the woman crossed the sidewalk before me: I shall never, really, be rich.

I CAN'T recall now, precisely, the moment when I knew my parents weren't rich—weren't just as rich and as powerful as anyone else in the world. At the outset of a child's life, his parents *are* the world. They are everything, the all-wise, the all-deciding; they are the omnipotent, omnipresent shield, and it's only later, and by degrees—and in some cases, I imagine, how painfully—that he learns they are not supreme in everything, that there are other people who are stronger, wiser, more capable than they.

I was lucky in that respect—in the first place, because my father was a true man of impulse, and given to wandering. I had hardly got started in grammar school, in New Haven, before I was whisked out of there and on to another, in Victor, Colorado (where he'd decided to have a try at gold mining), and from then on we lived in so many different places that I almost lost count of them. I once figured out that I went to eight different grammar and high schools, altogether, before I got away to college, and to a comparatively sedentary life of my own, but I may have left out a couple along the way. All this moving about, I've been told, must have scarred me psychologically, and it may be it did so, though I rather doubt it. It was certainly exciting at the time, and since it put me perpetually in the role of the new boy wherever I went, it also left me a little outside the local currents, social, financial, and otherwise.

In the second place, when my father did settle down—if that's the proper word for it—it was to a violently variable career as, alternately, a designer of special machinery (at which he prospered) and then a sort of part-time inventor (at which, most of the time, he didn't). What he'd do, in other words, was pile up a sort of grubstake, working at his profession, and then devote it to developing one of his never-quite-perfected inventions (which, of course, when completed, was going to make us millions), and our economic life, in consequence, was subject to such wild ups and downs that not only I but my parents themselves scarcely knew where we were at, from one day to another.

There were, of course, the revelatory moments when— Well, why can't I have a bicycle? All the other kids have one! And why are we having rice pudding so much, all of a sudden, instead of chocolate layer cake? There were the times, too, when the atmosphere grew vaguely disquieting—when I'd hear my parents talking, not freely and cheerfully but soberly and low, mysteriously, long after my bedtime. But for the most part, mistakenly or not, they tried to keep their money troubles from me, and as far as I can recall, it wasn't until I was about fifteen that I really came up against the facts of our life, financially, and then it was in such a mixture of the dramatic, the ludicrous, and the purely loving that the incident was robbed of any unpleasantness.

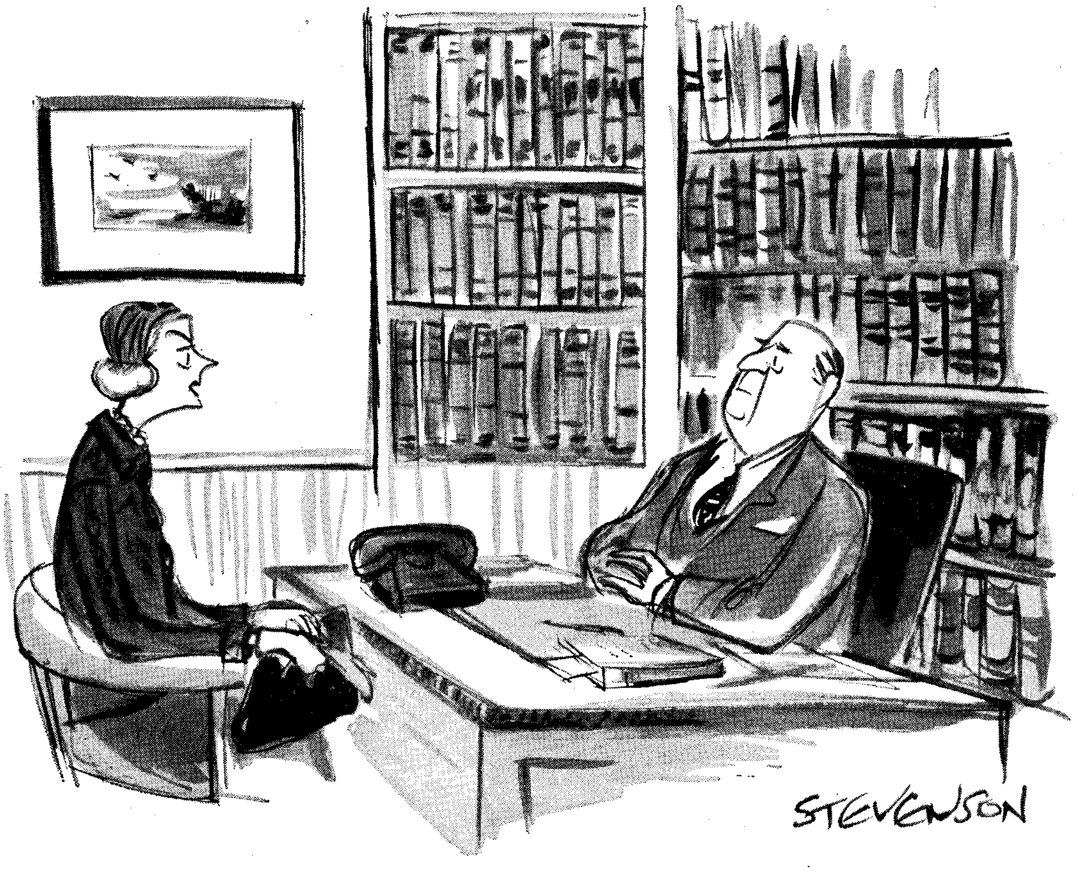
WE had come East by that time. We were living in New York, and it occurs to me now that my father, coming East, may have found himself faced with something like the same shift in values that I encountered, coming back to New York from Paris. For in a sense, in the West, when we were there, the atmosphere was bohemian, too. In the mining regions, money, of itself, was inconsequential—or say, rather, it existed in that most rarefied area of all, the future. As in Montparnasse, where every man was a genius until he had written his book or painted his picture, so, out there, any man who had a mine—a hole in the ground, or the start of one—was, potentially, the equal of the Strattons, the Penroses, or any other of the already almost mythical figures who had made their fortunes in the district. Gold was there; all a man had to do was to find it, as they had done, and that might happen to anyone, any day. And, as a matter of fact, my father hadn't done badly in his mining venture, for a green Easterner. He'd made no great "strikes," to be sure; the truth was (though no one knew it yet) that the day of the really big strikes was over, in the district. But he had leased a couple of claims, and had worked them capably, emerging with enough to finance a leisurely trip farther out, to the Coast, and still have something left over for the start in the East; and I can see now that it may well have been quite a change for both my father and my mother to come from that hopeful, euphoric atmosphere to the hard-and-fast, matter-of-fact one of New York.

We had been in one of our "up" periods, in other words, and now we were going through one of our downs. But I didn't realize this, or even begin to, until I called for my father late one December afternoon, to do our Christmas shopping. I called for him after school, at a little machine shop he had set up, downtown, for his experiments, and the scene itself, as it comes back to my mind, has a certain Dickensian flavor: the slush, and the wintry streets and sidewalks, dark except where the light from shopwindows struck across them; the rush and the noise of the traffic; and the excitement, over and under it all, of the approaching holidays.

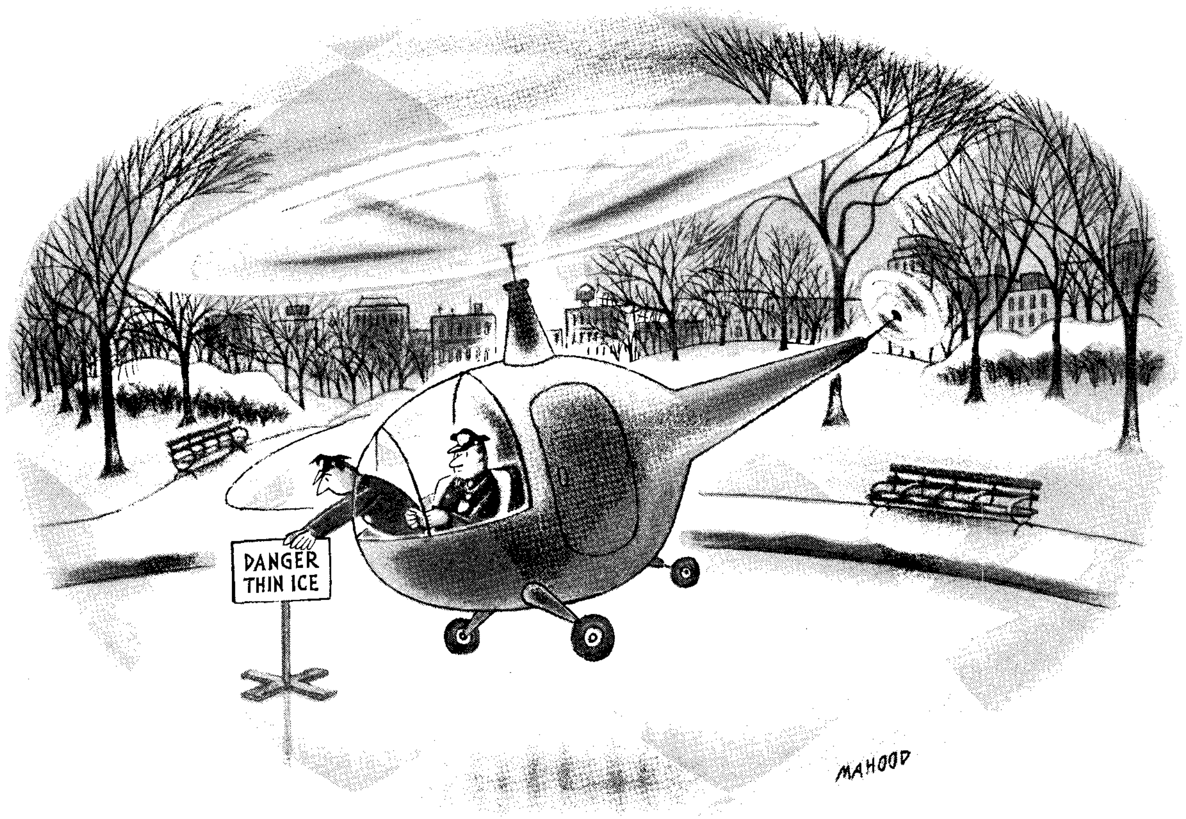
It was only my father's mood that seemed out of keeping. My father was an old-line Yankee by birth, but in most ways he was the antithesis of the traditional Yankee type; he was plump and cheerful rather than lanky and taciturn, generous instead of penny-pinching. But here we were, starting out on what should have been a lively expedition, and yet he stalked along glum and largely silent, beside me.

When he talked, it was mainly about economy. "We've really got to go easy on everything this year. Your mother says so herself, and she's right," he said once. We were heading toward Wanamaker's—I guess because it was my mother's favorite store—and we had stopped in front of a women's-wear shop to look at a display of stockings. Stockings, at least, would be practical.

"Things aren't going as fast as I'd like them to at the shop,"



"If keeping the swivel screen turned toward himself all the time isn't mental cruelty, I'd like to know what is."



he went on as we started off again. (Stockings, it appeared, were a little *too* practical.) "Not that it's anything for you to worry about, boy. We'll make out all right; we always have. And this time I really think I'm on the edge of something. Something big," he added, as we paused again, in front of a household-supplies store, its windows full of casseroles, coffee-pots, double boilers, and so on. "No, no. She does enough cooking," he said restlessly, and we moved on once more. So it went, until we got to Wanamaker's.

I still remember the brilliance and animation of the place, with its profusion of lights and decorations all centering on the big rotunda as we came in. Department stores were really palaces of commerce then, or they seemed so to a boy fresh from the West. I had little time to enjoy the spectacle, though. Wanamaker's had a *boutique*, in those days, called "Coin de Paris" and set apart fastidiously in a corner of the main floor. It featured especially choice pieces of jewelry, among other things, and we stopped there. And within minutes, it seemed, my father had bought an antique necklace of the kind called a "lavallière"—a fine silver chain strung with amethyst pendants.

I don't remember the price, though it was obviously high. And I didn't realize the enormity of what my father had done until Christmas morning, when my mother opened the package it came in, looked at the necklace a moment and then at my father, and then, to my utter bewilderment, burst into tears.

"Fred! Fred! How could you!" she cried.

To my still greater horror, my father jumped up and began yelling at her. Until then, I had rarely seen my parents in open conflict, and now, suddenly, all was pandemonium—my mother in tears and my father stamping about, red-faced and angry-looking—and, as far as I could see, for no reason.

"I won't wear it! I won't even touch it! You'll have to take it back!" she was crying.

And he, shouting, "God damn it, Hattie! Will you listen to me? Will you listen? We looked all over town for something cheap!"

"Cheap!" she cried. My mother was Scotch-Irish, red-haired, and easily as emotional as he, but she had somehow got cast in the position of the balance wheel of the family. And this time, as always, he overrode her.

"Yes, *cheap!*" he cried, louder than she. "But I just couldn't do it. Damn it, you deserve this!"

"Deserve it?" she said, and, again inexplicably, she burst out laughing. Watching, I knew everything was going to be all right.

WE were living on Edgecombe Avenue, then, on the heights above Morningside Park and, beyond that, the upper reaches of Harlem. It was a dreary region. We'd just dropped there, somehow, coming from the West; even then, we weren't that poor. And it was the drearier, for me, because the school I'd been sent to was way downtown and I had no contacts, scholastic or otherwise, with the other kids in the neighborhood. Our Christmas, before the necklace appeared, had been a careful, conservative, economical one.

In a way, though—a way that my father surely could not have foreseen—the necklace made the day. To my father, I suppose, it was a promise, as to my mother it was intended as reassurance, and in the end she accepted it in that fashion. Suddenly, everything was gay. We forgot the dismal little flat and the run-down neighborhood, and when my mother sat down to dinner, in her best dress and with the necklace gleaming at her throat, I remember thinking that she had never looked prettier. Once, she put her hand up and touched it. "But the bills, Fred!" she protested. As many women will, she couldn't help mixing her pleasure with practicality; in a sense, it was a way of propitiating the future. "And the end of the month so near! How'll we ever pay them? You know, I'll never be able to wear this with a clear conscience till those bills are paid."

"We'll pay them," my father said stoutly, and I'm sure we did. Indeed, I think the necklace may have been a turning point—of confidence, say, and encouragement—for soon after that, on my birthday, I *got* a bicycle, and soon after that we moved to Rochester and got a car. And if my mother's sole concern about the necklace was the bills, that must have righted itself, too, for it was still among her effects when she died.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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We visited all the historical sites and even the old Roman Senate where Caesar said, "Friends, Romans and Countrymen. Lend me your ears."—*John W. Galbreath in the Pittsburgh Press.*

That wasn't Caesar, that was Marlon Brando.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INTOURIST TOURIST—II

IN the lobby of Moscow's Hotel Metropole, toward the end of a ten-day visit to the Soviet Union last summer, my wife and I overheard a colloquy between two American men we hadn't seen before. They were de-luxe tourists, we surmised—each rating a car and a guide all to himself. My wife and I, having been chained for a week to a thirty-five-tourist gang—it was Tour No. 102 of a series run by Intourist—that travelled around in buses, with, as a rule, one guide for the lot, were naturally awed by these swells, and we eavesdropped on them with respect.

"I've just been fifty miles outside of Moscow," said De-Luxe No. 1. "That's where you see what's *really* going on."

"How did you manage to swing it?" asked No. 2.

"By yelling at Intourist," No. 1 replied. "It's the only way to deal with these people. Tomorrow I have something even hotter on the fire, but I can't tell you what." And he strutted off, exuding smugness and mystification.

No. 2 turned to us. "There's a typical example of a closed mind," he said, nodding toward No. 1's back. "Personally, I've found Intourist very obliging. That guy is one of those Americans who come here merely to confirm their antagonistic preconceptions about this country." He paused. "Say, you wouldn't happen to have any notion of where he's going tomorrow, would you?"

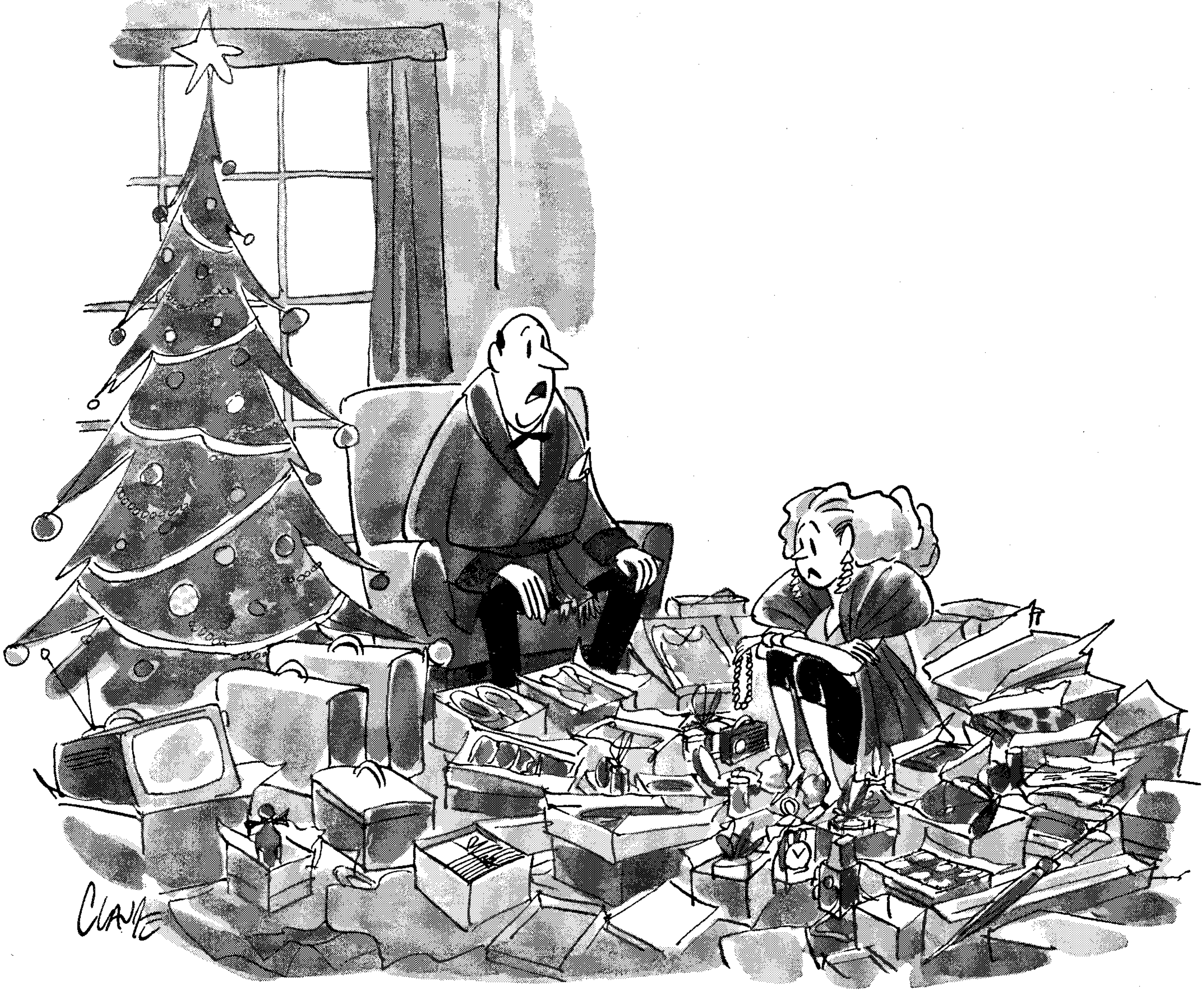
We hadn't, and I'm afraid that our replies to the multitude of questions about the U.S.S.R. that our friends have put to us since we got home have been equally unsatisfactory. The Soviet Union is a large place, and we have no more warrant to speak authoritatively about it after just ten days in just three cities—Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev—than a foreigner would have to expound on the United States after ten days in Washington, New York, and Kansas City. Still, people persist in tossing questions at us ("Did you meet Khrushchev?"), and I deal here, as I dealt last week, with some of those that have been tossed with the greatest frequency.

DID YOU MEET KHRUSHCHEV?

No. But then I have never met Eisenhower, either. Somewhat to our surprise, my wife and I didn't even meet up with many likenesses of Khrushchev. There were large photographs of him, and of Marx, Engels, and Lenin, in the windows of book and art stores, and at a museum in Kiev we saw a portrait of him as a young man done in woven silk—a painstaking honor the premises also accorded to Mao Tse-tung and Paul Robeson. (Another work of art in this collection was an oil painting glorifying the electric-light bulb.) But in a nation bursting with sculpture—though, to judge by quality, pitifully short of sculptors—we saw not a single statue of Khrushchev. Possibly there hasn't yet been time for him to move from atelier to esplanade. In any event, Khrushchev is still an iconographic nonentity compared to Lenin. Lenin's image not only abounds in Leningrad—logically enough, perhaps, though one would not expect to find a life-size bronze Abraham Lincoln dominating the interior of a bookshop in the capital of Nebraska—but is also all over Moscow and Kiev, often larger than life. We must have seen Lenin in every material that can be carved, chiselled, hammered, or molded. We became so conditioned to him—in parks, pavilions, squares, and subway stations—that after a while we hardly noticed him at all.

We hadn't figured on seeing much of Stalin, but we saw more of him than of Khrushchev. Stalin had a head start, of course. He is still prominently featured in the intricate mosaics that adorn the ceilings of several of Moscow's celebrated subway stations. At the Byelorussian station, an Intourist guide named Boris, who was shepherding Tour No. 102 around that day, told us that the lofty mosaics there exemplified the life of the Byelorussian people—the White Russians. While he said this, he was pointing a finger upward without bothering to look, as if he had delivered the same spiel many times before. (Sightseeing guides in Russia, like those anywhere, are given to rote. Our second day in Moscow, a young woman took us out, and her first words as our bus began to roll were "You are now in the city of Moscow.") If Boris had glanced overhead, he would have realized that he was pointing not to some such timeless aspect of White Russian life as a girl milking a cow or an athlete clutching a trophy but, rather, to a picture of a woman painter standing at an easel with a flattering portrait of Stalin on it—an exemplification of Byelorussian life that is surely passé.

A couple of subway stops later, we came to the Komsomolskaya, or Young Communist, station, and, after saying that it was reputedly the most beautiful of all the fifty stations in the Moscow system, Boris remarked, with iconoclasm rare in an Intourist guide, "I don't like it myself—but maybe." The Komsomolskaya was unquestionably the most ornate of the stations we saw. Its ceiling had the biggest mosaics—eight of them altogether—and these alternated with formidable fancy chandeliers. "Each weighs a ton," Boris said, standing fearlessly right under one. The Komsomolskaya mosaics memorialized significant moments in Russian history. One panel, given over to the victory parade in Red Square at the end of the war, indicated that Stalin's niche in history is more secure, no matter how strenuously his successors may have poked at it, than that of many a contemporary of his. This mosaic showed a platoon of Soviet chieftains reviewing their triumphant troops as they marched past the Kremlin in 1945, and Boris pointed out Stalin, Kalinin, and Kaganovich, among others. Some of us, however, were more beguiled by half a dozen blank spaces, where other leaders had once stood. The outlines of their heads and shoulders were still visible, but plain red tiles had been substituted for their features. It must have been a tricky alteration job. A girl on No. 102 whom I'll call Geraldine (I am not us-



"But, Emily, there had to be a last one."

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ing real names for any of our fellow-tourists) asked Boris to identify the individuals who had been thus erased from Soviet subway art, if not from memory. At first, Boris professed not to know who they were.

"Oh, come, now," said Geraldine, who loved to hector our guides.

"Well, I guess one of them was Beria," Boris finally said. "And maybe Malenkov."

"And the others?" Geraldine nagged.

Boris dug in; he would yield no further. "And maybe some other people about whom you know very well," he said. "I am not going to tell you about those people."

The principal Soviet shrine of the cult of the individual, of course, is the stone-cube mausoleum that Lenin and Stalin share, on the west flank of Red Square. From noon to five every day of the year, thousands of pilgrims file into the tomb, in a column of twos. The stretch of the square that they traverse is bordered with white stripes, and a corps of policemen sees to it that the traffic moves in an orderly fashion. Foreigners under Intourist's aegis are granted precedence over the natives, and the day we went there, we were squeezed in near the front of the queue, whose back end was out of sight. Directly ahead of us were some Germans, who, while we took pictures of the mausoleum and of two soldiers with fixed bayonets guarding its portals, took pictures of one another.

I had always assumed that Lenin and Stalin were just inside the entrance. Actually, the portion of their memorial that sticks up aboveground is a mere foyer. The burial chamber is a subterranean, icily refrigerated room approached by a dimly lit flight of broad, shallow steps. Of the two bodies, each stretched out supine in a massive bronze casket with a hermetically sealed glass top, Lenin's, in a plain civilian suit, is the first a visitor glimpses. To his left lies Stalin, wearing a beribboned military tunic. Both men looked small, serene, and somewhat unreal. At intervals of a few feet, stern-faced, rigid soldiers watched over such glory and grandeur as no Greek or Roman ever achieved. Now and then one of these sentinels would snap out of attention, step forward, and gently tap the elbow of an excessively curious or morbid visitor who was holding up the procession. Nobody said a word—not even the members of No. 102, who were ordinarily a high-spirited, wisecracking crew; even when they came up out of the mausoleum, they were uncharacteristically sombre. A few of them, to be sure, made feeble attempts at banter. One young man, a stress physicist from Alabama, who himself had a bushy red beard, mumbled, "Lenin needs a shave." But this was an exception to the prevailing mood, and a not terribly mirth-provoking one, at that.

DID YOU MEET MANY RUSSIANS? It would be fairly safe, I think, to say that all English-speaking Russians are eager to chat with all English-speaking visitors. As one member of our group, an art teacher named Margie, put it one day, "You know, one of the best parts of being here is being a novelty. When you go to other countries, they've all *seen* Americans. Here, you're *something*." Many Soviet citizens—especially the younger ones—gravitate toward the hotels where they know foreigners stay, and buttonhole them on the street outside. For that matter, Russians will accost a foreigner on any street. Recognition requires no particular deductive skill; with our Western clothes, our cameras, and our gaping mouths, we can be detected half a block away. In Kiev one night, a Russian man who picked several of us up insisted that we accompany him to a building where, he told us, we would find some real Americana. What he wanted to show us, it developed, was a poster heralding, in Russian, a forthcoming exhibit of the works of "РОКУЕЛЛА КЕНТА, США," which, after squinting a moment, we were able to decipher as "Rockwell Kent, USA." The Russian asked if we knew Kent, and when we all confessed we had never met him, demanded, "But is he not your leading people's artist?" We decided not to confuse the fellow by suggesting that to most of our people the hegemonic artist was probably Norman Rockwell.

Museums are a favorite hangout of Russians who want to practice their English. At the Russian Museum, in Leningrad, a young engineer latched eagerly on to my wife. Dismayed to learn that she was married, he latched dispiritedly, but volubly, on to me. Like many other Russians we encountered, he was exceedingly self-centered. He told me he was both a pilot and a research scientist, and had had something to do with one of the sputniks. "You know sputnik?" he asked. I said I knew. He went on to say that he played football, basketball, volleyball, and the piano, and was a prizefighter of no mean prowess. Then he switched to literature. He was familiar, he said, with Mark Twain, Theodore Dreiser, Walt Whitman, and three other writers, whom I was perplexed to hear identified—until I recalled that the Russians have no letter "h" and generally use "g" instead—as Victor Gugo, Goward Fast, and O. Genry. A moment later, he left abruptly. I thought at first that I had offended him because he had had to admit, in answer to my questioning, that he had never heard of Nathaniel Gawthorne, Sherlock Golmes, or G. Allen Smith, and I was relieved when I saw him swoop upon a seventeen-year-old girl in our party who had no rings on her fingers.

Most of the Russians we chatted with were extremely cordial, but every now and then we ran into one whose cup of grievance against the United States was so full that it spilled over onto individual Americans. At the Leningrad airport the evening we were to board a plane for Kiev, I fell into conversation with a Soviet Air Force colonel. We went through the usual ritual of such meetings—the tentative smile, the handshake, the exchange of cigarettes, the display of children's photographs, the establishment of origins. (He was from Minsk.) Presently, we got onto the subject of foreign relations, and his affability vanished as he rebuked me severely for my country's policies. "Russian people don't want war," he said.

SAINT NICHOLAS,

might I, if you can find it, be given
a chameleon with tail
that curls like a watch spring; and vertical
on the body—including the face—pale
tiger-stripes, about seven
(the melanin in the skin
having been shaded from the sun by thin
bars; the spinal dome
beaded along the ridge
as if it were platinum)?*

If you can find no striped chameleon,
might I have a dress or suit—
I guess you have heard of it—of *qiviut*?
And, to wear with it, a taslon shirt, the drip-dry fruit
of research second to none,
sewn, I hope, by Excello,
as for buttons to keep down the collar-points, no.
The shirt could be white—
and be "worn before six,"
either in daylight or at night.

But don't give me, if I can't have the dress,
a trip to Greenland, or grim
trip to the moon. The moon should come here. Let him
make the trip down, spread on my dark floor some dim
marvel, and if a success
that I stoop to pick up and wear,
I could ask nothing more. A thing yet more rare,
though, and different,
would be this: Hans von Marées'
St. Hubert, kneeling with head bent,

form erect—in velvet, tense with restraint—
hand hanging down; the horse, free.
Not the original, of course. Give me
a postcard of the scene—huntsman and divinity—
hunt-mad Hubert startled into a saint
by a stag with a Figure entined.
But why tell you what you must have divined?
Saint Nicholas, O Santa Claus,
would it not be the most
prized gift that ever was!

—MARIANNE MOORE

*Pictured in *Life*, September 15, 1958, with a letter from Dr. Doris M. Cochran, Curator of Reptiles and Amphibians, National Museum, Washington, D.C.

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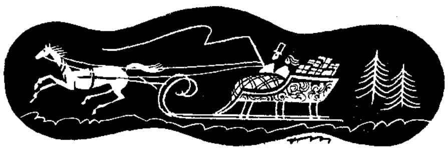
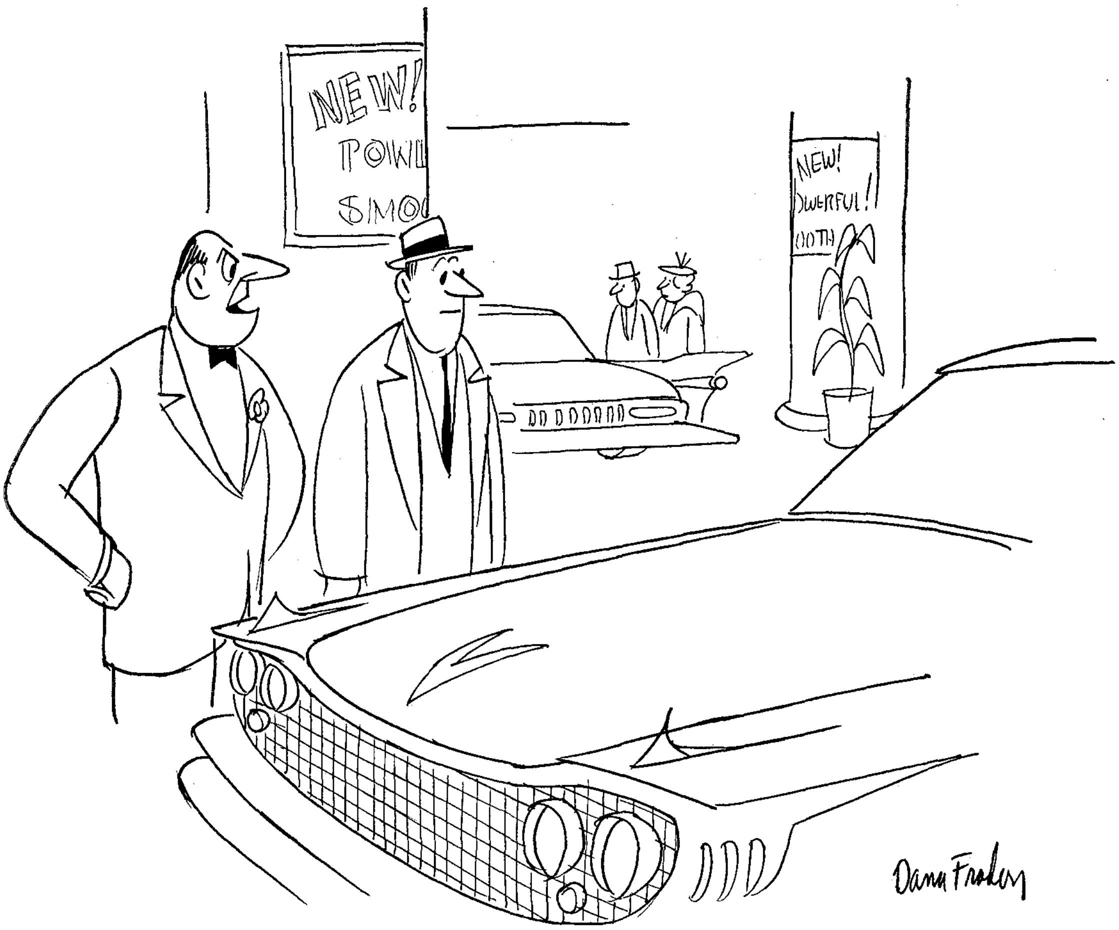



NEW!
POW
SMO
NEW!
WERFUL!
OOTH

"Don't give me that, Mister! According to our marketing research, you want this car."

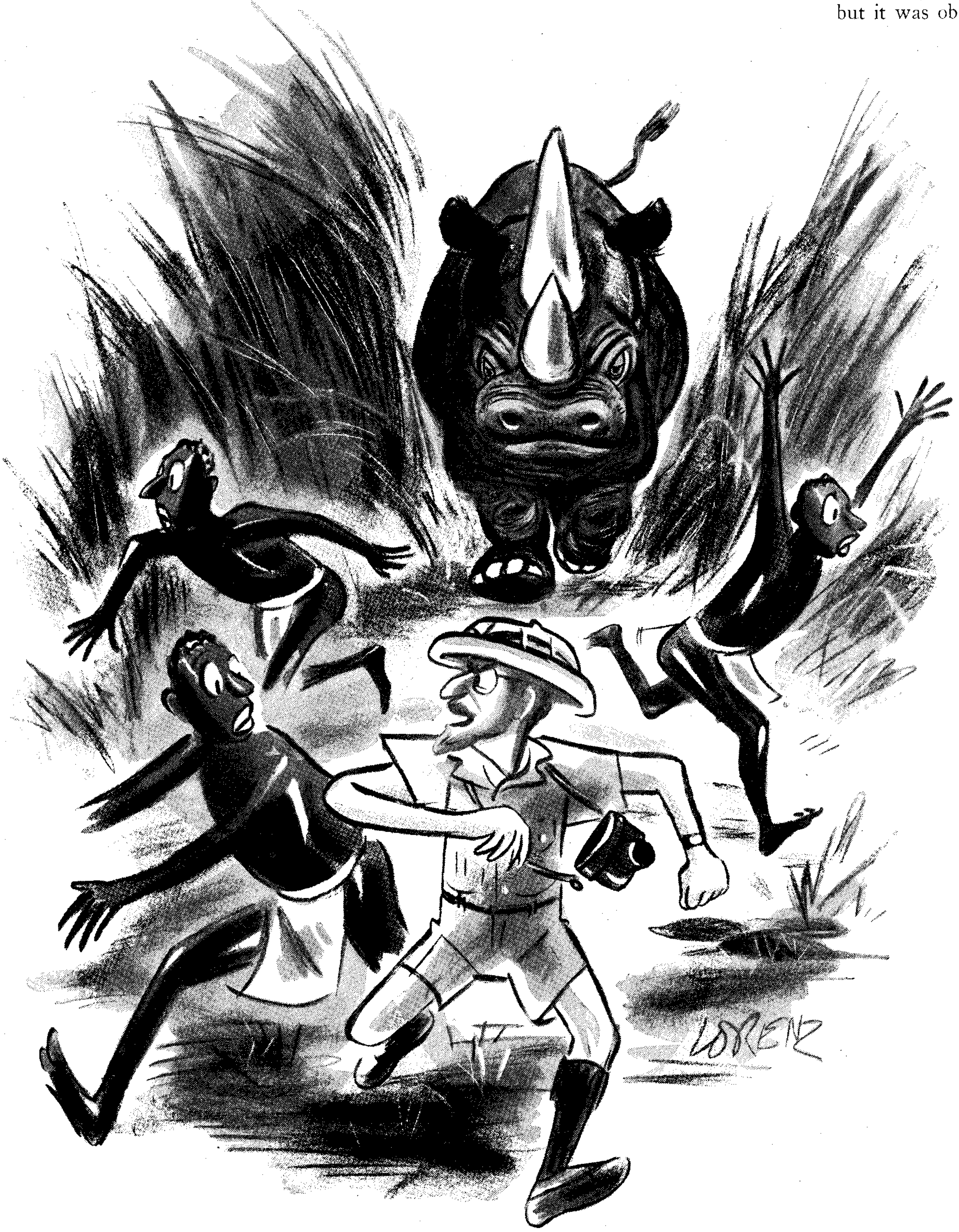
"American people don't want war, either," I countered. With a snarl of disbelief, he turned on his heel and stalked into the waiting room.

I followed him in, and found most of the other members of Tour No. 102 standing around a piano, singing American songs. (There's no telling where one will run into a piano in Russia.) Several dozen Russians were listening. All of them seemed to be enjoying the recital, except one mother, whose baby had been roused by the din and was bawling, and the colonel, who stood by stony-faced. When our chorus soared—not too tactfully, perhaps—into the Wild Blue Yonder with the chantey that ends "Nothing can stop the Army Air Corps!" the colonel glowered. Then someone in the audience cried out, "Paul Robeson!" There were no Negroes on No. 102, so it was clear this was not a case of mistaken identity, but the shout was taken up by other Russians until we Americans felt obliged to make some appropriate acknowledgment. Most of the males among us, I imagine, had tackled "Ol' Man River" in the privacy of the morning shower, but the lounge of the Leningrad airport at midnight, with immense portraits of Lenin, Stalin, and Mao on the walls, was something else again. Nevertheless, for the sake of international amity, we proceeded to render the song as best we could, and the reaction—surely a tribute more to Robeson's popularity than to our performance—was stupefying. The cheers drowned out the infant's howls, and even the colonel permitted himself a fleeting smile.

Our most comradely experience, all things considered, was an impromptu alliance we formed one noon with the Red Army. This took place at Petrodvorets, a lovely, glittering, fountain-bedecked palace outside Leningrad. It was demolished by the Nazis, and the Communists are now restoring it. While we were looking around, two workmen engaged in sprucing up some of the dozens of statues that decorate the grounds furtively approached a young American writer named Herbert and gave him a couple of postcard-size photographs—closeups of the bosoms of sculptured nudes. The men also gave him their names and addresses, and hinted that they'd like him to send them some reciprocal tokens of Western culture. He was slated to go from the U.S.S.R. to Paris, and figured he would have no trouble finding something suitable there. It was soon after Herbert amassed his rakish souvenirs that, at a gaudy set of fountains, we came upon the Soviet soldiers—half a dozen of them, armed with cameras. We took their picture. They took our picture. Several members of No. 102 posed in cozy embrace with the military. Cigarettes were swapped. One soldier had a guitar, and he was easily induced to play it. Another, whose insignia indicated that he was an officer, went into a deep-knee bend and did the *Kazachka.* A dozen or so Russian passersby stopped to watch. A boy and a girl in our group gave a demonstration of rock 'n' roll, to the guitarist's inapt, but vigorous, accompaniment. Then, to exactly the same music, six of the tourists did a Virginia reel. A drunken Russian civilian vaulted into the clear space encircled by the spectators—some fifty of them by now—and danced a solo. The officer took a jew's-harp out of his pocket and joined in with the guitarist. Two members of our group did the fox trot, and two others, one of them a boy from Stockholm, the Swedish polka. (His partner, I was astonished to perceive, was my wife, a girl from East Rindge, New Hampshire.) A hundred spectators applauded. An accordion player materialized. One of the Russian soldiers did a high-stepping dance with the tipsy civilian. The officer danced with one of the American girls. Soon a dozen couples of mixed nationality were gaily skipping about. All at once, a stocky, leather-faced old woman in a quilted jacket, with a red armband girding one sleeve, pushed through the mob, which must have numbered close to two hundred. At a single, sharp command from her, the musicians stopped playing. The Russians, soldiers and civilians alike, drifted meekly away. There wasn't a murmur of protest. It was as sudden, and obliterating, as a summer thunderstorm.

DO ANY OF THEM DARE SAY WHAT THEY REALLY THINK?

The anti-Communist traveller in Russia is, of course, ever on the alert for signs of disenchantment with the system and the authorities. There is nothing very remarkable about an argument between a taxi-driver and a policeman, but it was somehow heartening to watch a cabby wrangle with a cop just a block from the Kremlin. (Bystanders got into the act, too, and the policeman did not seem especially put out when they joined the driver in yelling at him.) We were also pleased that one sidewalk acquaintance we talked with described the satellite nations as "the so-called people's democracies." A solitary epithet does not constitute much of a chink in the wall of conformity, but it was cheering all the same. Another time, while hanging around an Intourist office, I listened happily as one of the men on duty delivered himself of what sounded like a gripe against his government's policies. He was talking—in English, oddly—on the phone. "Do you know what's going on now?" he was saying, with some heat. "A special session of the U.N." There was a pause. "It *should* be broadcast—*now!*" he shouted. Another pause. "It *shouldn't* be jammed. But," he concluded, with bitter resignation, "who knows that?"



"This is preposterous! I'm here to see Dr. Schweitzer."

Every now and then, our Intourist guides seemed to think that we were awfully nervous about being in a police state. In Leningrad, a cannon is fired daily, at noon, from the Peter and Paul Fortress—the city's oldest structure, dating back to 1703. When we heard a muffled boom one day, none of us flinched or showed any other sign of alarm, but our guide quickly told us not to be frightened; it was merely a time signal. We had no idea what else she thought we thought it might be, but it was obvious that she had anticipated a jumpier reaction. Actually, the consensus in the ranks of No. 102 was that it was surprising that the guides did not tremble in *our* presence; had not Khrushchev and Mao, a day or two before we reached the U.S.S.R., appraised all Americans as sabre-rattling imperialist maniacs?

Boris, a lawyer by profession, always watched his words, as if they were being transcribed. Once, he got to talking about his nation's literary heritage. "Mayakovsky was a great Russian poet," he said. "Excuse me—I mean great Soviet poet," he corrected himself hastily. It was difficult for Boris to relax in our company. While we were aboard one subway train, which had metal bars, rather than straps, for standees to cling to, a schoolteacher on our tour told him an American subway joke. It was the old wheeze about the fellow who offers his strap to a lady and, when she thanks him but says she already has one, replies, "In that case, would you mind letting go of my tie?" Boris listened politely, but warily, as the story proceeded, apparently suspecting that it might have a nasty political twist. At its

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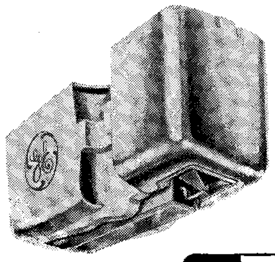

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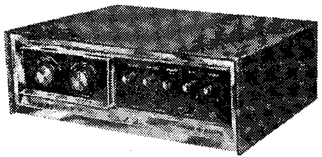

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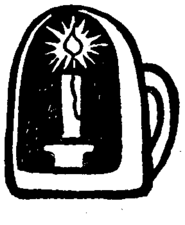
unexceptionable punch line, he laughed heartily—as much from relief, it seemed, as from amusement.

DID YOU FEEL CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD?

During our stay, the Moscow *News*, a semiweekly English-language newspaper published by the Alliance of Soviet Societies of Friendship and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, ran a story about another tourist, Adlai Stevenson. "Mr. Stevenson . . . expressed the opinion that Soviet people were getting a one-sided conception of what was happening in the world," the paper said. One-sided or not, the Soviet people may have been getting *some* conception; the non-Russian-speaking visitor to the U.S.S.R. usually feels as far out of touch with current events as a miner trapped by a cave-in. The only English-language papers from the outside world sold on newsstands are the *Workers* of New York and London, and these, to an American or Englishman hungry for information, are no more nourishing in Russia than they are on their home grounds. The Moscow *News* belies its name. It contains mostly feature articles with titles like "Irkutsk Reservoir Filling Up Rapidly," "Chicks to Be Hatched All Year Round," and "The Arabs Will Come Into Their Own." About the only spot news we got out of it was the number of times Sputnik III had cruised around the earth at press time.

Almost every day, someone on our tour would ask our Intourist guides for a rundown on the latest news. We got precious little out of them. It was hard to tell whether their reticence stemmed from a reluctance to discuss controversial matters with us or from a simple lack of information. One day—a day on which, I later learned, the New York *Times* was hard put to it to squeeze onto its front page all the events that were shaking the globe—a guide remarked that she had read that morning's *Pravda*, and when we asked her for a summary of its leading stories, she replied that a hydroelectric station in Kuibyshev had commenced full-scale operations. Fine, we said, and what else? That was all, she told us. Boris was even less communicative. I spotted a folded copy of *Pravda* in his pocket one day, and asked him to translate the headlines for me, but although he was doing nothing more taxing than watching us watch some fountains spray, he said he was too busy.



In an English translation of a Stalin Prize novel (written by a man who was clearly no Pasternak) that my wife and I picked up in Leningrad, one of the characters, a philosophical old fisherman, says, "Reading the newspapers makes me sick; to think that while we here are working our hardest to make life better for people, those sons of sin across the ocean are stirring up trouble—testing out bombs, buying up the scum of the earth with dollars, and signing pacts against us on the sly." Apparently, not all Russians felt so testy about dollars—most of us on No. 102 were approached at least once by blackmarketeers avid for greenbacks—but many Russians seemed, like that fictional fisherman, to be sick of their newspapers. For all its lighting fixtures and mosaics, the most eye-opening aspect of the Moscow subway system was that, in the hours we spent riding around on it, we never saw a passenger carrying, let alone reading, a newspaper.

WHAT ARE THE STORES LIKE?

We saw one sight in Kiev that no tourists before us had ever seen. This distinction, whatever it may be worth, was ours because we happened to be in the city the day its new municipal market opened for business. The market building, a gigantic, domed white stone structure with a glass roof, looks like a railroad station, and could hold a fair amount of rolling stock. Most of the food on sale is raised on collective farms, but our Intourist guide told us that individuals with back-yard gardens may bring in their crops and sell them. We got to the market early in the afternoon. Outside the main entrance, half a dozen women in babushkas were peddling bunches of flowers, possibly from their back yards. By that time, the produce inside, displayed on row after row of waist-high counters, had been pretty well picked over. What was left—small, half-rotten apples, plums, and pears; a scrawny chicken or two; some loose eggs with cracked shells; and some bowls of sour cream, which housewives sampled by spooning a bit onto their palms and licking it up—was unappealing and expensive. No prices were posted, but the women behind the fruit counters wanted a ruble (ten cents, at the rate of exchange accorded tourists; a quarter, at the official Soviet rate) for a runty apple or pear and thirty kopecks (three cents) for a low-grade paper bag to carry it in.

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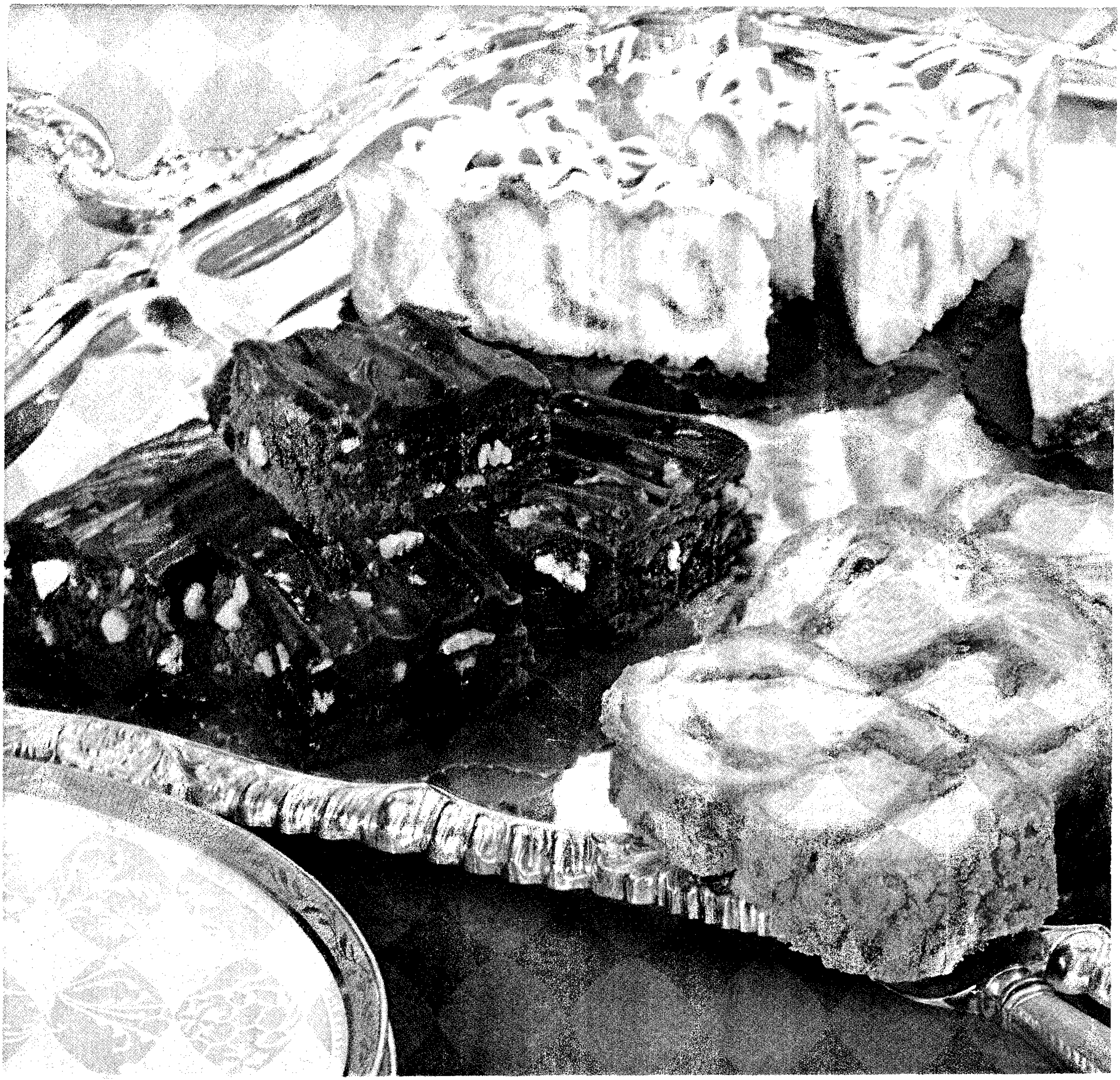

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ALL BUTTER PECAN COFFEE CAKE (top)

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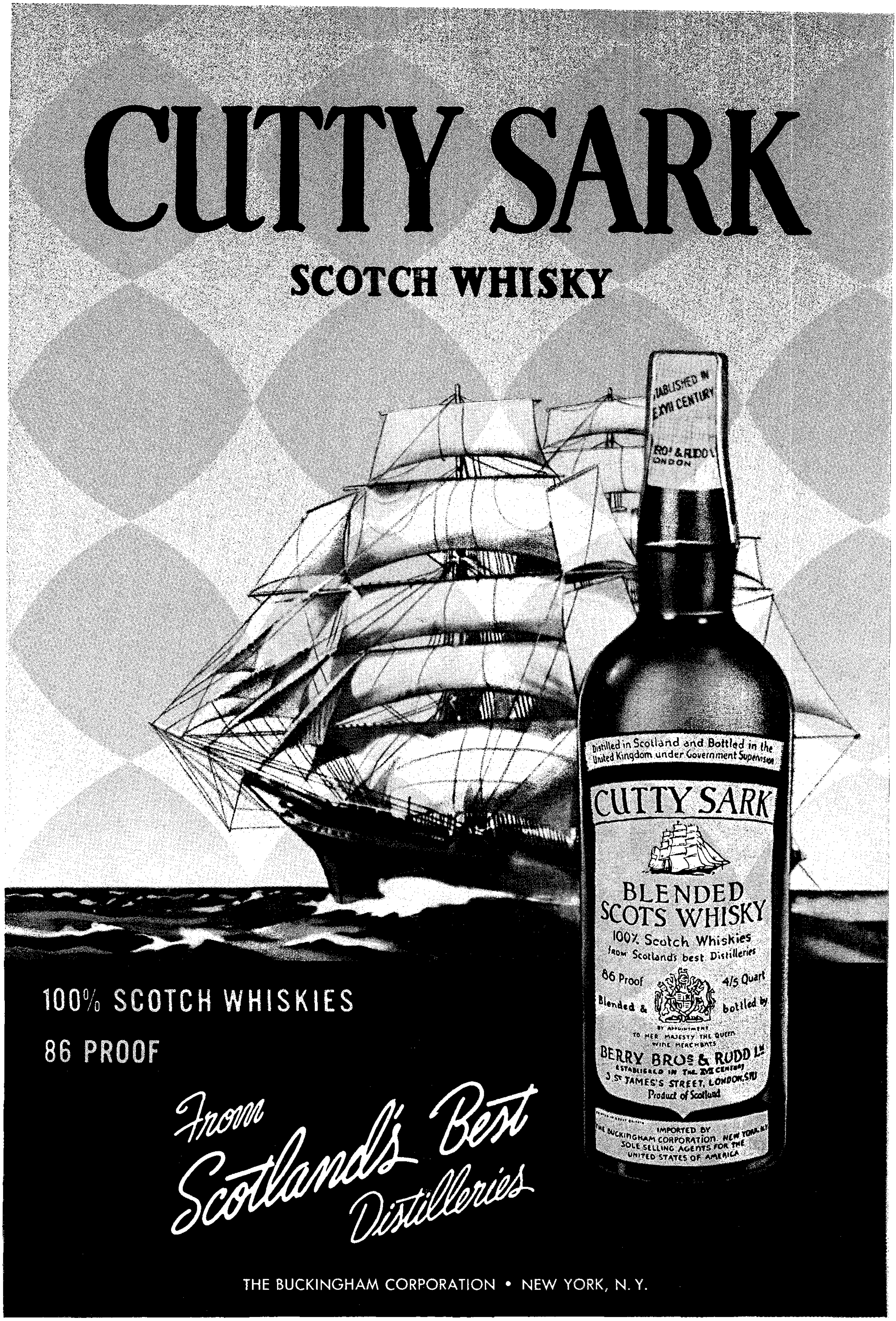

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during the whole trip was at the All-Union Agricultural Exposition, in Moscow. Most of the three hundred buildings in this enormous installation, a permanent exhibition ground that not only features crops but has a big industrial section as well, are regional in scope, but some are not—the Sputnik Pavilion, for instance, given over in large part to photographs of the ill-fated Laika, and the main industrial pavilion, an edifice so huge that a heavy dump truck parked on a shelf along its façade had the relative appearance of a model truck on a toy counter. Fifteen ornate pavilions harbored the indigenous arts, crafts, fruits, and vegetables of the fifteen republics that make up the U.S.S.R. (Many Soviet products have regional brand names—the Kiev camera, the Estonia grand piano, the Moskva typewriter, the Volga automobile—and we saw eggs with "Bulgaria" stamped, in Roman letters, on their shells, to say nothing of cigarettes called Sputnik and Laika.) In most of the pavilions we dropped into, there were mounds of fine fresh fruit—fat apples and pears, lemons the size of oranges, oranges the size of grapefruit—and attached to the Georgian Pavilion was a greenhouse with citrus trees growing in it. Boris told us that the piles of fruit in the pavilions were changed every four days, to ensure the acme of freshness, and we asked him what was done with the discards, since they seemed likely to be a good deal more interesting than anything we'd seen on sale anywhere. They were available, he replied, at fruit stalls scattered about the exposition grounds. When we stopped at one such outlet, though, all it had to offer was some dried-up pears, at two rubles each, which looked dwarfish compared to the juicy giants we had ogled earlier.

Shopping in Russia can be hard work. Except for the food stores, most establishments don't open until eleven in the morning. Well before that hour, in mute testimony to a lack of depth in inventory, customers line up outside. We saw a few attempts to emulate Western merchandising. In a show window of one Kiev department store were two slim, Anglo-Saxon-looking mannequins—a blonde in a housecoat serving breakfast coffee, from a gleaming samovar, to her husband, who was wearing a dapper dressing gown. Though the model was a good deal more attractive than most of the live women on the other side of the windowpane, her husband's fixed smile was focussed not on her but on a copy of

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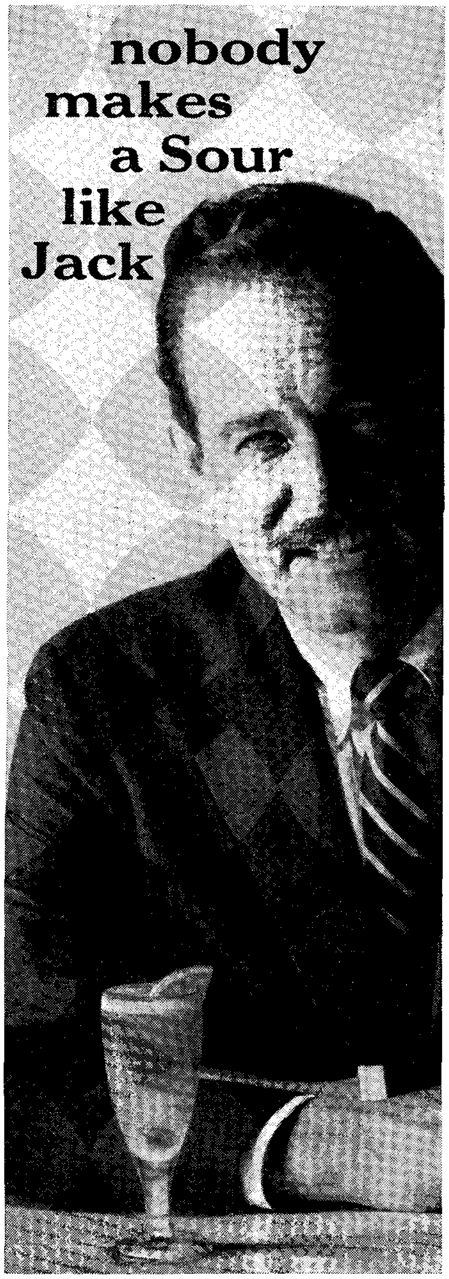

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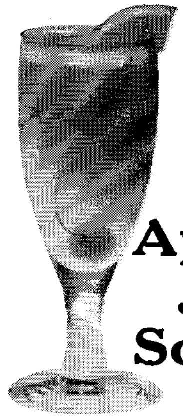

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Pravda, which the waxen wretch was holding right up to his face.

Most Soviet stores seem old-fashioned by Western standards. In many of them, the cashiers do their totting up with a wooden abacus. The prices we saw were high—two hundred and sixty rubles for a flimsy-looking pair of ski boots, fifteen hundred rubles for a ready-made suit. About the least expensive consumer goods were books and phonograph records, for their production is heavily subsidized. In Moscow, we bought some long-playing records for seven rubles each, which was the sum we later paid for a two-hundred-gram goblet of sweetish champagne in the nearest thing we saw to an American-style bar—a table set up in one corner of a liquor store and presided over by a woman in a white smock, who poured out drinks of wine at so much per hundred grams. A two-volume English-language edition of the correspondence of Stalin, Roosevelt, Churchill, Truman, and Attlee during what the Russians call the Great Patriotic War cost fifteen rubles in the U.S.S.R.—one-tenth what I had paid for the same set in New York.

Shortly after eleven o'clock one morning, my wife and I did some shopping at GUM, Moscow's largest department store, which stands just across Red Square from the Kremlin. GUM is absurdly laid out. Three stories high, it is about three blocks in length. Much of that vast interior, though, is air space. A good deal of the merchandise is displayed in tiny stalls huddled together along the walls on mezzanines connected by a series of bridges and catwalks. One feels inside the place as though one were walking through a dirigible—and a perilously overloaded one, at that. The summer day we were there, the store was more crowded than I have ever seen Macy's the week before Christmas. Like most tourists, we were eager to buy fur hats, and in due course we found the fur-hat counter. It was besieged by a throng ten deep, and trapped in the melee was a white-bearded patriarch protectively clutching a straw hat. He did not appear to want a fur hat. He was just trying to keep the hat he already had from being shredded. After a harrowing ten minutes, during which, as foreigners, we were pushed up front, we bought our hats, and a few hours later we discovered that we could have bought exactly the same kind, identically priced, at an elegant, uncluttered furrier's on Gorki Street, the Moscow counterpart of Fifth Avenue. The only horde in this establishment consisted of a couple of dozen immobile women who were watching another woman—evidently a paying customer—try on a silver-fox neckpiece. It had a seven-hundred-and-thirty-six-ruble price tag. The customer swaggered and preened and examined her mirrored reflection from all angles, and the onlookers were agog with vicarious luxurious living. When she spread the pelt out on a table, they surged forward and stroked it tenderly.

KIEV IS IN SIBERIA, ISN'T IT?

No, it isn't. Kiev, the capital of the Ukrainian Republic, is about five hundred miles southwest of Moscow. It is a full-fledged metropolis, with a population of more than a million, a university in which twelve thousand students are enrolled, an amusement park, saloons where you can buy a beer by dropping coins into a vending machine, and the biggest Young Communist Headquarters building you ever saw. It is—in warm weather, at least—a markedly gayer city than either Leningrad or Moscow. Many of the women were wearing flower-print dresses, and many of the men colorful, high-necked shirts with embroidered collars and cuffs. (We saw one Soviet car there with embroidered slipcovers. A talisman dangled at its rear window—a toy Mickey Mouse.) Even a statue of Lenin down the street from our hotel seemed to have a jauntier expression than its grim-jawed counterparts to the north.

Spang in the middle of the city, which is bisected by the Dnieper River, were long stretches of white-sand bathing beach, dotted with cabañas, restaurants, and polychromatic umbrellas. We sailed along the river on a sightseeing boat one Tuesday afternoon, and there were as many swimmers in the water, or basking on the banks, as you would find at Jones Beach on a sunny August weekend.

Kiev was all but levelled by the Germans, and its reconstruction afforded the Soviet government a magnificent opportunity for large-scale city planning. There is much evidence in the new Kiev, such as the Young Communist palace, that the government can think big. Its main avenue, the Kreshchatik, is two hundred and sixty feet wide—the broadest thoroughfare in the entire U.S.S.R., our guide told us proudly. One side of the street is lined with apartment houses, and the other

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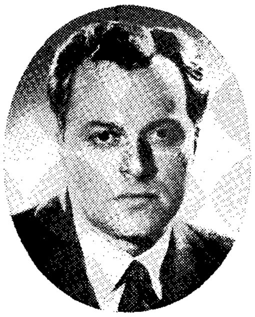

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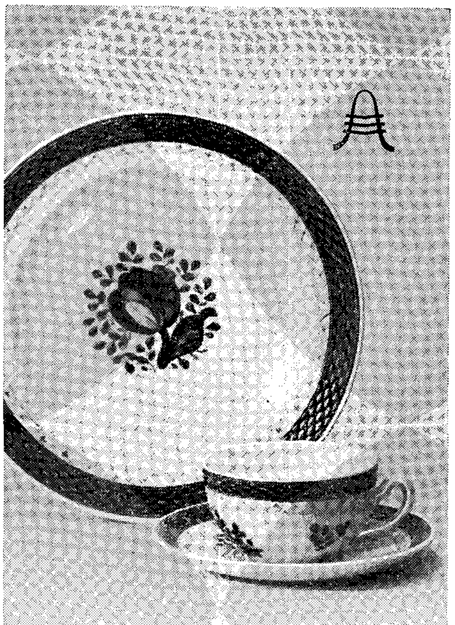
with stores and office buildings. Beneath the Kreshchatik, when we were there, a subway system was in the making, and it wouldn't surprise me if its chandeliers weighed two tons. A temporary wooden structure surrounding one of the excavations was so splendidly decorated with painted flowers that it could have passed muster as a pavilion at a fair. Kiev teemed with giant T-shaped cranes, which also towered over building sites in the other cities we visited. In Moscow, block-long, nine-story apartment houses were going up as abundantly as single-family dwellings on Long Island. The quantity of construction work everywhere was awesome, but we could not help wondering what the Soviet delegates found to talk about at an international congress of architects that was being held in Moscow at the time of our visit, for however advanced in theory the Soviet architects may be, the best they seem to have come up with in practice is Central Park West.

DO THE WOMEN REALLY DO MEN'S WORK?

Nowhere in the Soviet Union did we see a lawnmower—not even in the public gardens, where meticulously tended flower beds were set off by lush and green, but raggedly trimmed, swards. Wherever grass was being cut, the job was being done—at a snail-like rate—by squads of scarfed-and-booted women equipped with scythes and hand shears. We saw women masons laying bricks, and women carpenters hammering away on new construction projects. The biggest trailer truck we met up with in the U.S.S.R. had a woman at the wheel. The porter on the sleeping car that took us from Kiev to Moscow was a woman—a jolly one, whose repeated smiles made her mouthful of steel teeth memorable. The trip took about fifteen hours, and every now and then she served us tea, which she brewed in a charcoal-heated samovar at one end of the car. (The car itself appeared to be brand-new, and was quite comfortable.) In the morning, we started to take up a collection for our porter, but she got wind of this scheme and announced that she would not accept a tip. She wondered if we could give her a written testimonial instead. A woman on Tour No. 102 who knew Russian composed an appropriate tribute, and we all signed it. When it was presented to the porter, she flashed a magnificent metallic smile.

In an issue of *Soviet Woman*—a monthly magazine that, according to its masthead, is "devoted to social and po-



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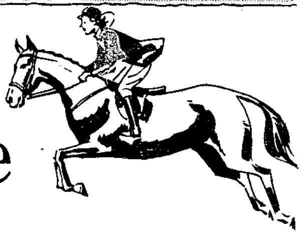

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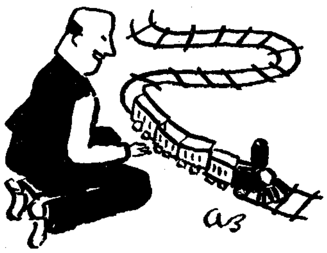
litical problems, literature, and art," and is published in Russian, Chinese, German, Hindi, Japanese, Korean, Spanish, Urdu, and English—I read about a Soviet fashion show put on in Cairo. (A dress pattern was tucked inside the magazine—a design for a garment that its creator presumably considered equally suitable for Spanish, German, Indian, and Korean women.) *Soviet Woman* quoted several Egyptian reactions to the display of gowns. "Though made of inexpensive fabrics, they all were superb," one critic said. Another declared, "The Russian models are distinguished for their fresh, vivacious faces and unaffected manner. All of them are tall and slender." We ourselves saw very few tall or slender women—maybe they were all on overseas duty—and very few of any proportions whose gowns could be called superb. Most of the women were short and thickset, and, whether wielding a shovel or pushing a baby carriage, were garbed in drab, formless clothes. They looked about as fresh and vivacious as a warden in a girl's reformatory. Still, we surmised that they had lively aspirations. One girl on Tour No. 102, wearing a reasonably frilly outfit, wandered into a Leningrad store where second-hand clothing is bought and sold. She said afterward that a number of women there were so enamored of her dress that, in vain attempts to buy it from her, they almost pulled it off her back. Most of the men's suits we saw were of dark and solemn hue, but underneath them—as we learned from observing several fellow train passengers stretch their legs at dawn on a way-station platform—many Russian men wear sleeveless undershirts in pastel shades of green and blue.

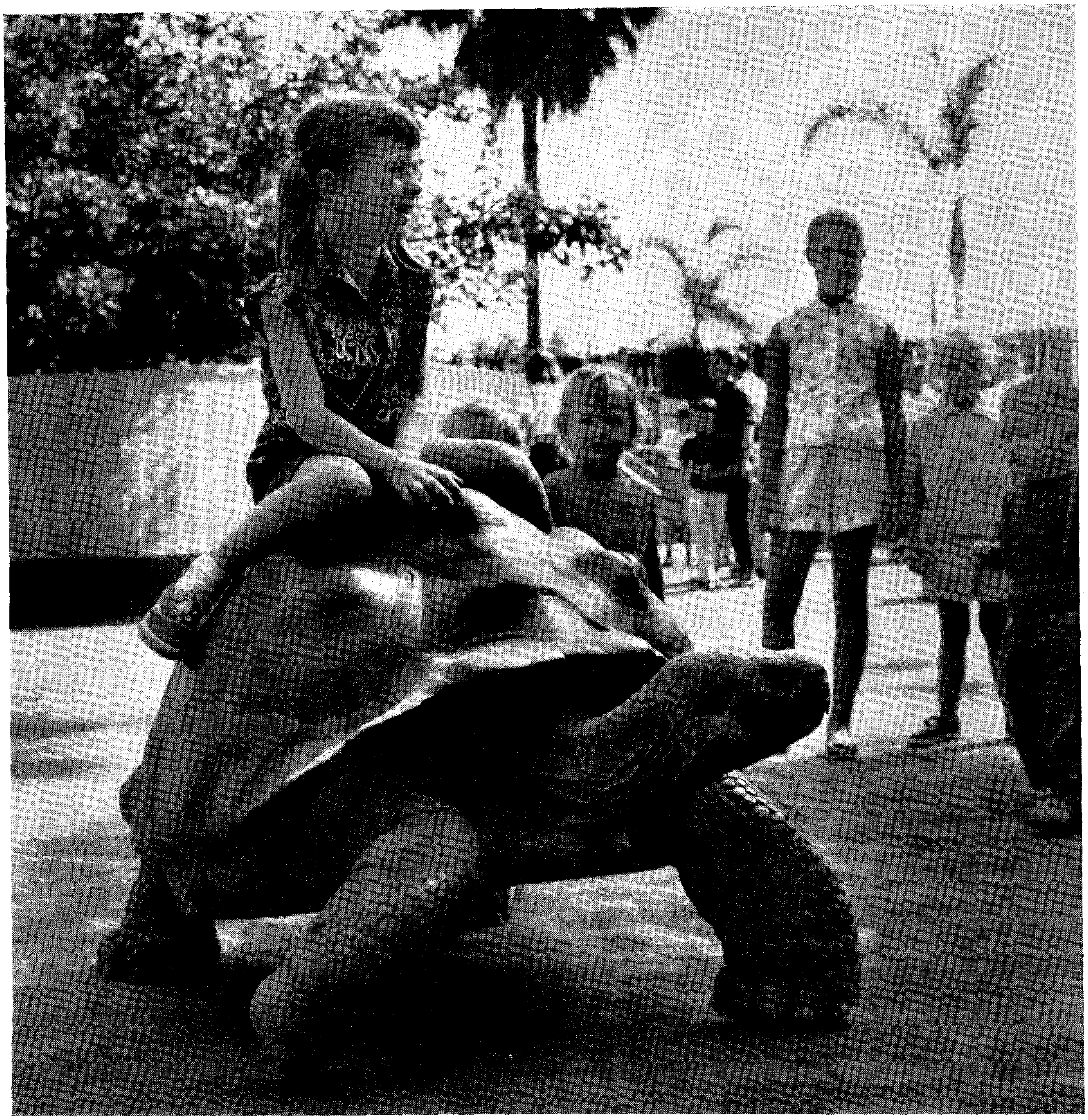
Everywhere we went, we passed women who were tidily sweeping the sidewalks or streets with bundles of twigs—the only kind of broom we saw, indoors or out, in the Soviet Union. In Kiev, women were whisking the interstices in the streetcar tracks. (Women operated some of the streetcars, too.) Soviet streets are praiseworthily clean. A block is likely to have several containers placed along the sidewalk, for cigarette butts and scrap paper. In the middle of some of the side streets were narrow, water-filled troughs, shallow enough for a car to straddle without scraping. They were pigeon baths. One should not underestimate a nation that encourages even its pigeons to keep immaculate. Walking along Gorki Street, in Moscow, we had to detour around a squat, slow-moving, bright-red truck that was crawling along the sidewalk—a big vacuum cleaner. But however strong the Soviet passion for health and sanitation, some of its vehicles are strangely behind the times. In Leningrad one day, we watched a small white sedan, with its rear seat removed and red crosses painted on its side doors, screech to a halt before an apartment house. Two white-uniformed men jumped out, carrying a collapsed stretcher, and ran into the building. They soon emerged with a pregnant woman. The driver lifted open the door of the trunk compartment, and the litter-bearers slid their patient through it and into the car. Then the driver slammed down the lid of the trunk, and this awkward and antiquated ambulance chugged away.

ARE THEY VERY ANTI-RELIGIOUS?

Our only Sunday in Russia was spent in Leningrad, and on Saturday afternoon Intourist advised the members of our tour that arrangements could and would be made for us to attend church, if we wanted to. My wife and I were exhausted, and slept late Sunday morning, but several of the tourists took advantage of the offer, out of either piety or curiosity. One Baptist who went to a Greek Orthodox service reported that a collective funeral had been in progress, with five bodies laid out in five parallel caskets. A great many Russian churches are closed and boarded up, and some of these, though they are prominent landmarks, do not rate a mention on the municipal maps a tourist can buy. In quite a few of the churches whose doors are unlocked, no services are held, and their auxiliary buildings have been converted into apartment houses. When we stopped for a look at the imposing Cathedral of the Smolny Monastery, in Leningrad, the only human activity near the main entrance consisted of some men playing dominoes, a baby boy pounding a tiny milk can against the curb, and a woman beating a rug.



The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, which lies within the five-foot-thick stone walls of the Peter and Paul Fortress, was open, but largely, we gathered, so that Russians could gawk at the tombs of several of their nation's past



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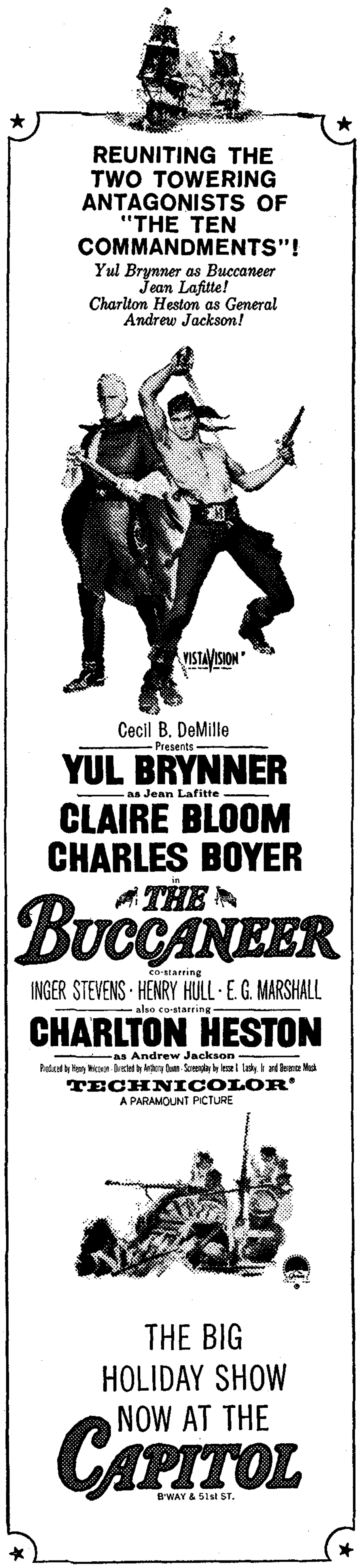

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rulers, among them Peter the Great and Catherine the Great. (Also inside the fortress is a government mint, which at the time of our visit was being guarded by *the only soldiers with fixed bayonets* we saw anywhere, aside from the Lenin-Stalin mausoleum. The Communists brook no interference with the making of money.) Some of the Czars' tombs had been garlanded by nostalgic citizens with wreaths of fresh flowers, to which were tied ribbons with Russian phrases written on them. Peter the Great had an eight-word testimonial attached to his wreath. When we asked our guide for a translation, we were told that it simply said, "To Peter the Great."

In Kiev, the main item on our sightseeing agenda was a trip to a monastery called the *Lavra*, or catacombs. We were shown around that city by a brusque, businesslike young woman named Dina. She was married to an Army officer, and, perhaps because of that orientation, she remarked at one point that the members of Tour No. 102 were the most undisciplined gang she'd ever had any truck with. (Dina wore sunglasses with one cracked lens. An interpreter we had in Moscow, named Lucy, also had damaged spectacles, and our principal guide, a Leningrad woman named Nina, had lost her glasses and hadn't been able to replace them. Either there was a shortage of optical glass in the Soviet Union or else blurred vision is a condition of employment by Intourist.) Telling us about the monastery in advance, Dina said, "It has live monks. Very handsome monks." From her tone, edged and supercilious, she might have been speaking of monkeys.

There were actually two monasteries, on two levels. In the eleventh century, Dina said, monks inhabited the lower one—a series of caves. By the seventeenth century, the members of this sect had become extremely wealthy, and they built a sumptuous settlement on a hill above the catacombs. Now the lower monastery was the only one operative, though the monks were not living in the caves, which were filled to capacity with the sanctified remains of their predecessors. Several buildings of the upper monastery were in ruins, the result of wartime damage, and one structure that was still intact had been converted into an anti-religious museum; a sign inside it quoted Karl Marx on religion's tranquillizing effect on the masses. After walking down a cobbled path, we entered a cool, dimly lit chamber that led to the caves. A dignified monk, cowled and black-bearded,

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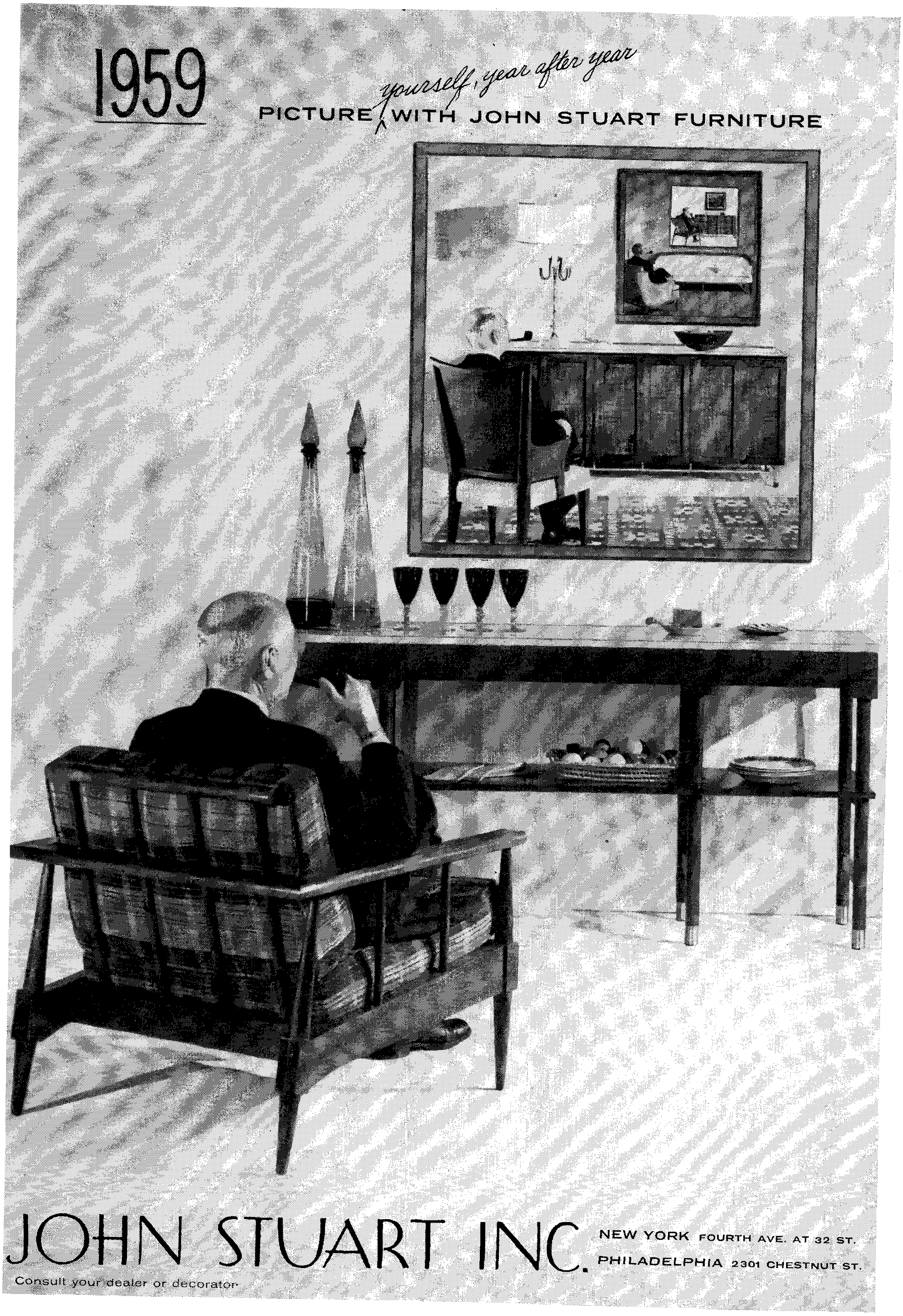

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handed each of us a beeswax candle. One of the flock of prep-schoolers in our group began to speculate uproariously on what might happen to the teacher who was shepherding them if, being black-bearded himself, he held his taper too close to his face. The monk probably didn't catch the drift of this remark, but its loudness enraged him, and he tried to shove the whole caboodle of us back outside. Dina calmed him down somehow. In single file, lighting our way with our candles, we shuffled silently through the narrow, winding, rock-walled corridors, stopping occasionally at an alcove to peer at the mummified corpse of a saint, completely shrouded save for the shrunken, withered hands. When we came back out into the daylight, an aged, white-bearded monk was crossing a courtyard. Dina invited us to take his picture, but the instant a camera was aimed at him, he pulled his cowl over his face. We overtook two elderly women who were crossing themselves. Dina gave them a look half indulgent, half contemptuous, as if she were a research scientist observing the behavior of some reflex-conditioned laboratory animals.

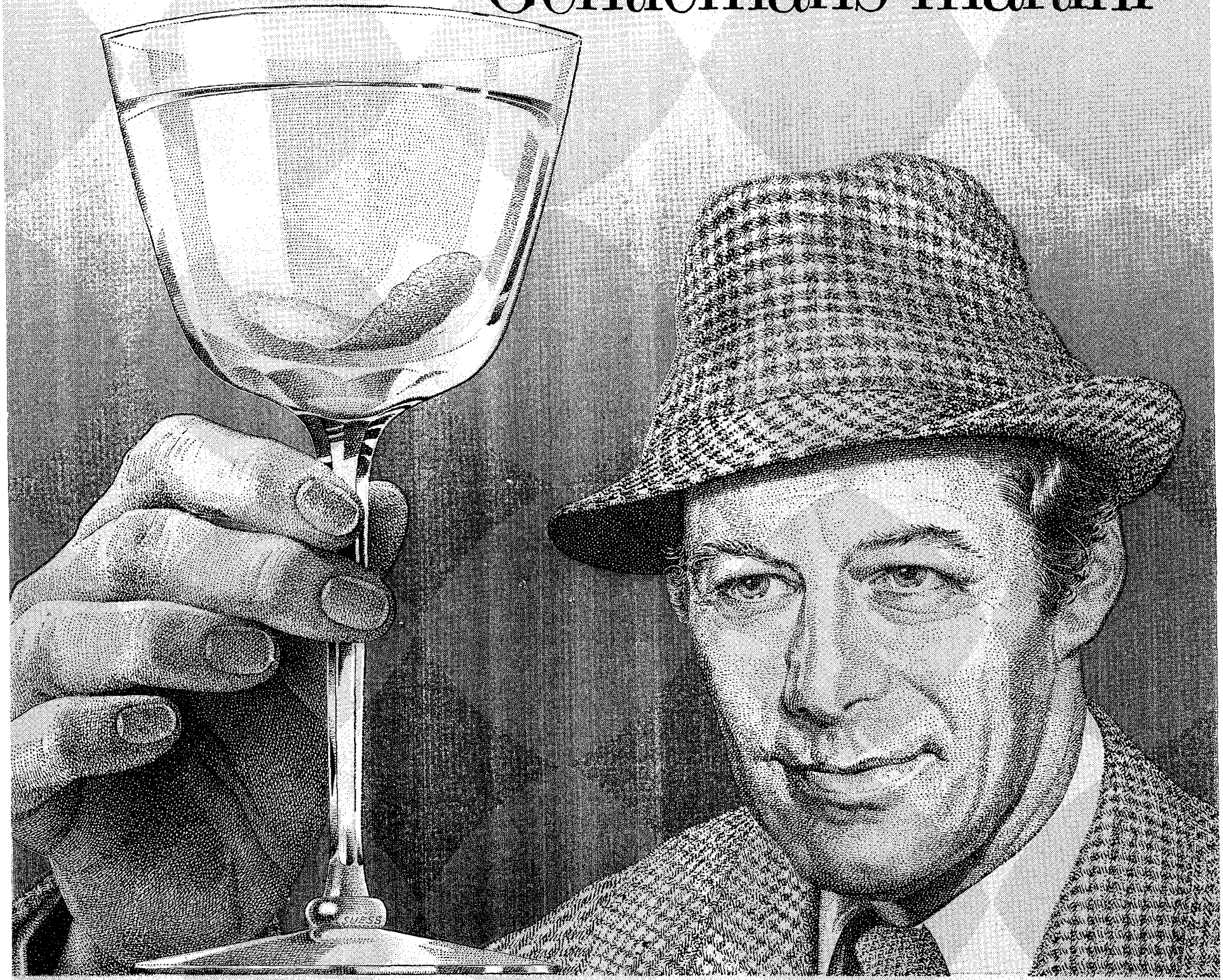
WHAT ABOUT THE CHILDREN? An American cannot walk far in a Soviet city without being approached by small boys (girls do not participate in the sport), who badger him for chewing gum, cigarettes, postage stamps, ball-point pens, or, most often, money. Soviet children are remarkably familiar with United States currency; twenty-five-cent pieces are their favorites, and they have a low opinion of pennies. The children who tugged at our sleeves were, by and large, friendly, bright-eyed, sturdy, and cleanly dressed, and if at times they seemed to be violating the first half of Polonius's celebrated injunction, they also engagingly violated the second half. While my wife was chatting haltingly in Leningrad one day with a boy who had started off, modestly, by trying to cadge a dime, he asked her for a ball-point pen. She said she didn't have one, and he thereupon gave *her* a ball-point pen. It embarrassed her to be on the receiving end, and she felt better about the whole business when, a week later, she was able to present the Leningrad pen to an importunate Moscow boy.

Most of the children carried around, as a sort of *quid pro quo*, a pocketful of cheap metal lapel pins, worth perhaps a couple of cents apiece. The pins came in a few basic designs—Lenin's head, Moscow University, the letters "C.C.C.P." (the Russian equivalent of "U.S.S.R."), doves of peace, and red stars, or some combination of these symbols. Soviet citizens of all ages are partial to lapel decorations. The first Intourist man we ran into was wearing a pin with a torch on it. He told us it signified his having completed a history course at a university. Boris, our guide in Moscow, had a small gilt canoe riding on his lapel; it was a Swedish boating pin, he said—the gift of some tourists from Stockholm. One Russian student we met, who, like many of his peers, was a rock-'n'-roll enthusiast, had at his throat, instead of a tie, a large silver brooch depicting two convulsive dancers. He was decidedly unlike his peers in that, instead of boasting of his academic accomplishments, he admitted blandly that he had lately flunked an exam. But then he may have been a delinquent; the Communists have recently announced that one sign of juvenile depravity is the wearing of trousers too narrow to be slipped over shoes, and this fellow had on peg-top pants.

One afternoon, Intourist arranged for Tour No. 102 to visit a summer camp of the Young Pioneers, the Soviet counterpart, as Boris put it, of our Boy and Girl Scouts—or, as it might also have been put, of the Hitler Youth. The trip to the camp, situated fifty miles outside Moscow, was organized on such short notice that some of us were just sitting down to lunch when we were told that the bus was set to leave. We stuffed our pockets with black bread and hurried out to board it. Boris had with him a foreman from a Moscow carburetor factory, because this particular camp was reserved for the children of that factory's workers. We drove out through flat, open country. Most of the villages we passed looked seedy, and the houses were rickety frame affairs, roofed with tin or thatch; to judge by the profusion of outhouses, very few homes had plumbing. Some of the tourists tried to photograph this backwardness, but they can't have done too well, for our driver barrelled along at a bouncy clip, time and again narrowly missing a startled stroller. Most Russian drivers, we concluded, regard pedestrians much as most American drivers regard dead skunks—objects to avoid, for selfish reasons, but not to slow down for.

After a two-hour journey, we ar-

Rex Harrison reports from London on the *Gentleman's martini



A PERFECTIONIST in the brilliant roles he has played on stage and screen, Rex Harrison naturally demands perfection in every phase of life—including a Martini.

Reporting from London on this subject, Mr. Harrison says: "A Martini is like a play. It can be terribly good or terribly poor. In London, as in other sophisticated centers, the preference today is for the gentleman's Martini, meaning a Martini that establishes a harmonious rapport with the audience.

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rived, without misadventure, at the Pioneer camp, which was set in a pleasantly wooded area permeated with the odor of disinfectant that one associates with outdoor latrines. A few boys and girls and a large portrait of Lenin were waiting for us at the entrance gate. The children wore white shirts and red bandannas—the official regalia of a Pioneer—and unregimented skirts or shorts. A handsome, towheaded boy of twelve or so stepped forward, holding a bugle with a fringed red banner suspended from it. He blew a call—Assembly, I imagine—and Pioneers converged on us gaily from all directions. A middle-aged woman official in a severe dark-red suit held the kids more or less at bay while she conferred with Boris. Then she told the children to run off and play, or something, and as they scampered away she led us to a square wooden building, which, Boris said, was a girls' dormitory. "The children are divided into groups, or commands, of ten each," he said. "This dormitory houses one and a half commands." There was a water cooler on the porch, and next to it a thick china mug with a broken handle. In a room just inside the front door, we passed a tier of tidy little shelves, each containing a towel and a bar of soap. (There may have been a toothbrush in each, too, but I don't recall seeing one.) The dormitory appeared to be of fairly recent construction, the absence of plumbing notwithstanding. One room was filled with suitcases and neatly hung city clothes. Another was a large, lace-curtained sleeping room, with windows on three sides, fifteen brass beds, and three naked bulbs hanging from the ceiling. My wife said the room was far more austere than any girls' dorm of her previous acquaintance. Aside from the beds, the only furniture was a couple of end tables; there were none of the frivolous knickknacks one might think girl campers would take with them on a holiday.

While we were inspecting this command post, Boris told us that the camp had two hundred and seventy children, ranging in age from four to fifteen. They were attended by a staff of forty-eight adults, including folk-song leaders, folk-dance leaders, and physical-culture leaders.

"Who owns the bedding?" one tourist asked him.

"I know the answer," said Boris, who had informed us earlier that he was an old Young Pioneer himself, "but I will ask her, because you wouldn't believe me."

Boris addressed a few words to the

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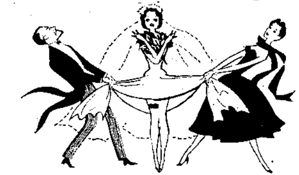

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woman in red, who nodded, and then he told us that the bedding belonged to the trade-union committee of the carburetor factory. We gathered that this was a notably paternalistic labor organization, for he went on to say, without consulting the woman, that the highest fee any child had to pay for a twenty-six-day vacation was a hundred and thirty-three rubles (by our reckoning, thirteen dollars and thirty cents), and that a good many of the campers paid less, while ten per cent paid nothing at all.

Thus briefed, we went back out, past a raised circular platform, for folk dancing; past a bulletin board on which several weather maps were posted; past a basketball court and a merry-go-round; past a white stone statue of a Pioneer holding a white stone flag; and past a statue of a Pioneer beating a drum. (No sculptors here, either; just statues.) Finally, we came to a wooden reviewing stand confronting an open area planted with flowers. A lofty flagpole, with a red flag fluttering from its peak, occupied the center of this plaza. We mounted the platform and stood there, shoulder to shoulder, while canned music blared forth from a loudspeaker, and then, suddenly and stiffly, from behind a building, the Pioneers marched out, in order of height, the teen-agers in the van, the tots at the rear. They halted at attention in the plaza. After a moment, with the blond bugler, a drummer, and a couple of flag-bearers at their head, the whole crowd paraded toward us, and halted again, each command in disciplined formation, thirty feet away. Several youngsters whom we took to be commanders stepped forward and saluted us with raised arms.

One Pioneer, an attractive girl of ten or eleven, came up on the platform, stood behind a speaker's lectern with a microphone on it, and said, in excellent English, "Our dear guests—our dear American friends—we are so glad to welcome you to our Pioneer camp." As it happened, only two-thirds of us on No. 102 were Americans—the rest were Canadian, British, French, Swedish, and Japanese—but she apparently hadn't been tipped off. "We are always glad to welcome people from all over the world," she went on. Not only was she happy to greet us but, what was more, the entire Soviet Union would soon be equally happy to greet Paul Robeson, whom she characterized, non-politically, as "the great American singer." "Our life is very interesting, and we're having a good rest here," she said, in conclusion. (My sons have never described their summer camp as rest-

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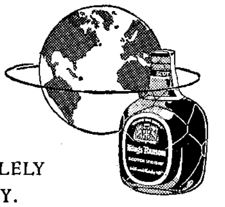

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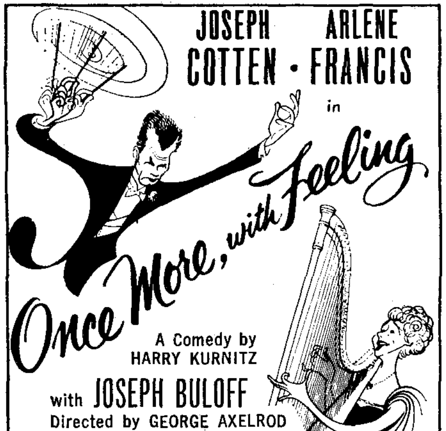

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Once More, with Feeling
A Comedy by
HARRY KURNITZ
with JOSEPH BULOFF
Directed by GEORGE AXELROD
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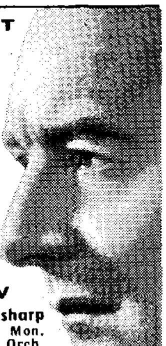

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ful, but for all I know it may be.) "Now we'd like to hear about your life in the United States, and about your children. Take our best wishes to America."

Suddenly, without any ruffles or flourishes, a bunch of Pioneers swarmed around us and showered us with gifts. Each woman got an enormous bouquet of fresh flowers, and each man a sample of Pioneer handicraft. My present was a delicately carved wooden wall ornament, shaped like an oak leaf and painted with acorns. Many of the children, moreover, took off their kerchiefs and tied them around our necks, with what seemed to be, and I hope was, impulsiveness. When order had been more or less restored, it was up to Tour No. 102 to make fitting response. One of the schoolteachers in our group moved to the microphone. "I think all adults love children, and we love you as we love all children," he began. He paused, so Boris could interpret for him, and when the children learned what he had said, they beamed lovingly at us. The teacher talked a bit more, and then our youngest member, a seven-year-old Canadian girl named Dottie, expressed her small-voiced thanks. A sixteen-year-old American girl was next. "My name is Grace," she said, "and I'm so *happy* to be here. I'm so *grateful* to all of you." She was close to tears, and had to stop. When Boris translated for her, even his flinty voice seemed tinged with emotion. A couple of other tourists said a few words, and while none of the speakers furnished any particularly enlightening details about life in America, or anywhere else, the audience gave them all a rousing hand.

Then the Pioneers were dismissed, and for the next half hour they swirled around us in uninhibited and touching fraternization. Seven-year-old Dottie was their special pet. Half a dozen young Russian girls, enraptured at meeting a Western contemporary—and one who had her pigtails diplomatically festooned with red ribbons to boot—attached themselves to her, spun her around on the merry-go-round, heaped her with gifts, and every now and then hugged her so heartily that her mother winced. The bugler, with no mention of small change, gave my wife a Lenin-head pin, and another boy started to affix a pin to my lapel. Just as he was fastening the clasp, two swept-wing jet fighters screamed over the treetops, and we both looked upward. When I glanced back down, I saw that what he was pinning on me was a dove of peace. I reached into my pocket, hoping to find some token for him, and came up with

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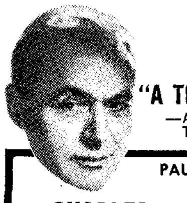

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a fistful of black-bread crumbs. "I wish I had some coins left," I told him contritely. He smiled sympathetically and gave me fifty kopecks.

A little later, we were taken—most of us with a Russian child clinging to each hand—into a building that contained a library, several workshops, and an exhibition of the children's handiwork: tooled-leather photograph albums, assorted wood carvings, a globe with an electrically-operated satellite circumnavigating it, and so on. The walls of the corridors were ablaze with propaganda posters and portraits of Lenin and other national pioneers. Before long, it was time for us to head back to Moscow, and the farewell we bade the Pioneers was truly reluctant, for they were as nice and hospitable a crowd of kids as one could hope to meet anywhere.

On the bus, most of us tourists were uncommonly quiet, except for a college student named Lester, who could not abide silence. "You know what a Pioneer says when he salutes another one?" he asked Margie, the art teacher. "He says, 'Be ready for the struggle in the cause of the Communist Party!' And when the other one salutes back, he says, 'Always ready!' "

"I don't believe you," said Margie.

"It's true," Lester said. "One of them told me."

"Now you've spoiled everything," said Margie, and, of course, what he had said—I learned later it was true—spoiled something. But, children being children, not everything.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the second of two articles on a trip to Russia.*)

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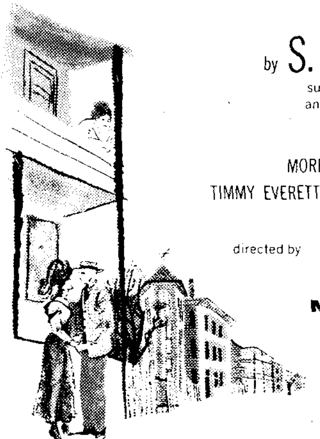

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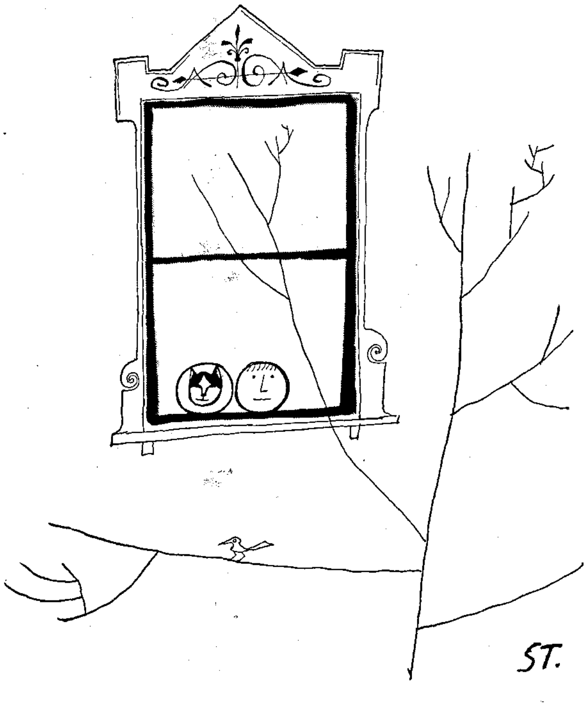
THE THEATRE

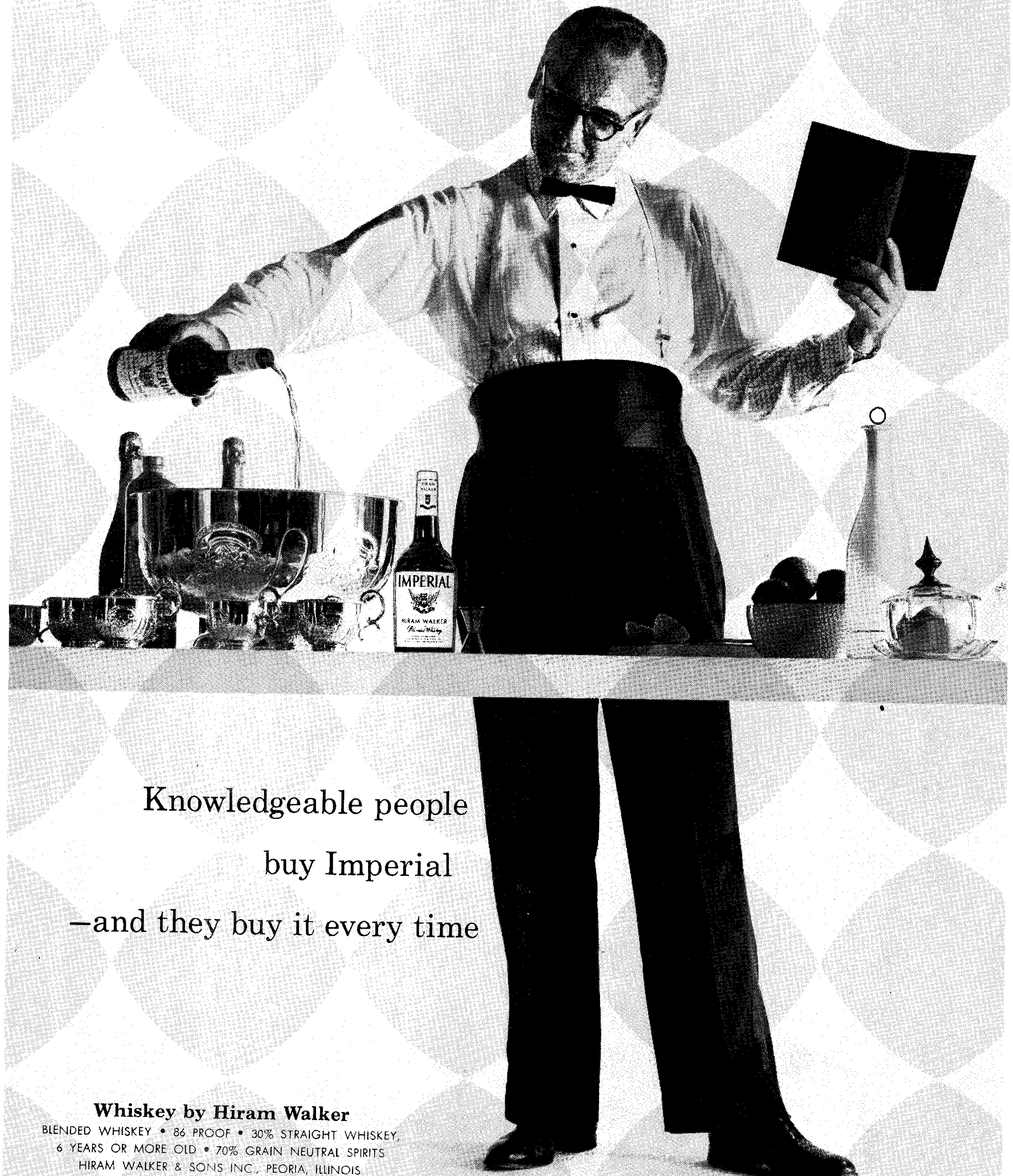
NEW VICS FOR OLD

THE Old Vic has begun its short season at the Broadway Theatre with productions of "Twelfth Night" and "Hamlet" that are dexterously mounted, neatly dressed, and performed with thoroughbred intelligence by a group of not very exciting young (and youngish) players. The company's emotional firepower is low, and there is little in the way of poetic illumination, but these failings, sad as they are, must be interpreted in the context of the troupe's background and status, both of which are sometimes misunderstood by American audiences. First of all, it is an error to suppose that the Old Vic is Britain's national theatre. Britain has no national theatre. Ten years ago, the House of Commons debated the desirability of having one and ended up by unanimously approving a bill that empowered the Treasury to devote a million pounds to building it, but the money has never been released, and nothing has come of the vote beyond the ceremonial laying of a foundation stone on what subsequently proved to be the wrong site. The Old Vic is thus in no sense the official home of British drama, nor is it, as many people believe, guaranteed against financial loss by state subsidy. It receives from the Arts Council of Great Britain an annual grant amounting to less than fifty thousand dollars, which does not go far if you are in the business of putting on six classical productions every season. (The Comédie Française, a true national theatre, gets more than twenty times as much from public funds.) Between 1944 and 1949, playing in the West End at West End prices, and buoyed up by a miraculous confluence of first-rate actors—Olivier, Richardson, and Guinness, to name but a happy few—the company went through a golden period, but one that marked a partial divergence from its original aim. Forty-four years ago, when the Vic launched its first season of Shakespearean plays, the object of the exercise was to make the classics economically accessible to the working-class audience south of the Thames, in which unfashionable quarter its theatre stood. This policy of high drama, cheap seats, and low salaries continued for three decades, until, forced out of its home auditorium by a German bomb, the Vic took up temporary residence in more opulent surroundings, north of the river. The drama was still high, but so, now, were the prices and some of the salaries. Suddenly, disturbed by obscure and baseless suspicions that Olivier and Richardson were fostering personality cults, and even planning a *coup d'etat*, the governing body of the theatre came to an astonishing decision, and fired both men from their jobs as Old Vic directors.

That was the turning point. Since 1950, when the company returned to its former address, the old system has been restored. Established stars, between films and other engagements, have made guest appearances, but for the most part the Vic has operated as a playground, showcase, and springboard for the young. If in recent years it hasn't spawned anyone to set beside the Gielguds, Oliviers, Laughtons, and Redgraves of the thirties, the explanation may be (a) that many of the newer British actors are temperamentally more attracted to contemporary plays than to Shakespeare, and (b) that those who are not tend to prefer the Memorial Theatre, at Stratford on Avon, which nowadays enjoys more prestige than its London rival. The present troupe at the Broadway is shrewd, quick, and competent. To expect greatness of it would be to mistake its function and exaggerate its pretensions.

Michael Benthall, the director of the Old Vic, has gently imposed on both "Twelfth Night" and "Hamlet" his own stylistic fingerprints. The two productions are alike in tone—cool and sophisticated, swiftly paced, balletically grouped, and hauntingly well lit. Vocally, the emphasis is on sense rather than sound, on communicating rather than reverberating. This approach, though it may seem tame, is extremely practical: it discourages unfledged actors from attempting transports of passion that they would probably be unable to sustain, while allowing them to experiment with subtleties and nuances of the kind that outright rhetoric, in any but the most experienced hands, generally batters to death. Mr. Benthall's determination to be temperate carries with it, however, certain built-in deficiencies. It is a method that can neither dig very deep nor fly very high, which means that the abyss of tragedy and the upper air of lyrical romance are both beyond its reach. In "Twelfth Night," for example, the Olivia-Orsino relationship never rises above street level, and Barbara Jefford's most effective moments as Viola are also her most mundane—the occasions when male impersonation becomes a source of embarrassment to her. Throughout the evening, the comic scenes come off best, and Mr. Benthall has embellished them with some intricate flourishes of business. It must have taken a lot of hard thinking to arrange for Richard Wordsworth—a spindly, brilliant Malvolio—to undo his cross-gartering and then, a minute later, fasten it up again in such haste that he rises to his feet with his knees tied together, but Mr. Benthall has timed the trick so carefully that it looks plausible as well as funny. Joss Ackland is a juicy Sir Toby, whose knighthood, if not precisely in flower, has not yet gone wholly to seed, and John Neville, peering in alarm through a yellow, moplike wig, gives a performance of Aguecheek that is good enough, in the sharpness of its responses and in its fundamental seriousness, to qualify him for enrollment in the Comédie Française. His bony





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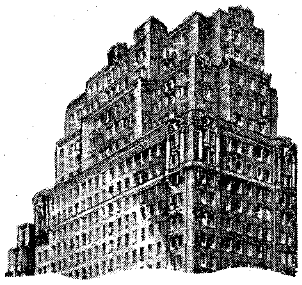

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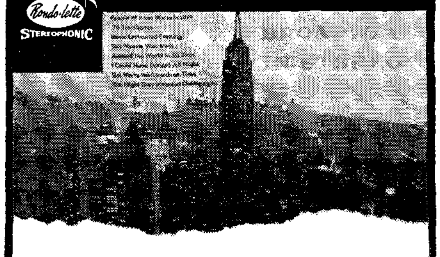

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face, as earnest in outrage as in simple cerebration, is that of a fool of God who is just clever enough to know that he is a fool but not clever enough to do anything about it. He is always getting carried away. The merest reference to Malvolio is enough to impel him to a frenzy of stiff short-arm jabs illustrative of what he would do to the man if he had him there. He is easily soothed, of course, but you feel that at any moment the fit may take him again. In a peaceful hour, at the end of a carousal, Mr. Neville remarks, with the air of one tentatively justifying his existence, "I was adored once . . ." There is a silence, in which Sir Toby, slumped beside him on a bench, belatedly reacts with a slow, incredulous take, and then, relenting, pats his abstracted companion twice, commiseratingly, on the flaxen head. The pathos is unforced but potent. A little later, the two bachelors depart, each wearing, by some confusion, one of the other's boots. It is Mr. Benthall's strength as a Shakespearean director that he can make prose scenes like this poetic. His weakness is that he can also make poetic scenes prosaic.

This, curiously, is not the major flaw in his staging of "Hamlet." His conception of the play, as a sinister, ice-cold melodrama of court intrigue, is admittedly incomplete, but the right Hamlet could have completed and probably transcended it, and the right Hamlet is precisely what Mr. Benthall has not got. Instead, we have Mr. Neville again. The actor's brain races, his body athletically writhes, and his voice quivers like Gielgud's; yet no emotion is transmitted. It is quite appropriate for Aguecheek to seem anemic, but a bloodless Hamlet is intolerable; perhaps significantly, Mr. Neville performs most tellingly in the chaotic flurry of encounters that follow the play scene, when Hamlet may be presumed to be on the verge of fainting. The rest of the production—in outline, at least—is fascinating. I particularly approved of the order of scenes, which Mr. Benthall has based not on the familiar First Folio text but on the pirated First Quarto, of 1603. The latter, according to expert conjecture, was whisked into print by a couple of small-part actors who decided to cash in on the play's success. Their memory for individual lines seems to have been hazy (e.g., "To be or not to be, aye, there's the point"), but the sequence in which they unfold the events of the play includes one remarkable transposition that strikes me as making the most persuasive sense. As they recalled it, "To be or not

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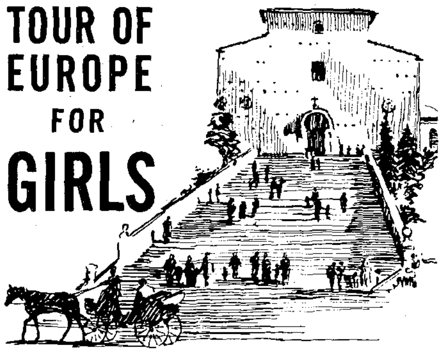

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to be," along with the ensuing nunnery scene, took place in the second act, not the third. This is more than a switch; it brings about a vast schematic improvement. In the conventional text, Hamlet decides on action, formulates his plan to catch the king's conscience, and exits, only to return within sixty lines contemplating suicide—a poleaxing change of mood that has stopped many actors dead in their tracks and provoked many imaginative scholars to compose reverent essays on the inscrutable metaphysical causes of Hamlet's hesitation. In the Quarto version, Hamlet hears the ghost's story, curses the day of his birth, and next appears, logically enough, pondering the relative merits of being and non-being. There follows the nunnery scene, whereafter we go back to the old arrangement—the gibes at Polonius, the interview with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, the arrival of the players, and the play. The action sweeps ahead, unimpeded by the irrelevant roadblock set up by Act III, Scene 1. Mr. Benthall makes full use of the freedom granted him by the Quarto, and the production moves with the speed, though not the heat, of wildfire.

Audrey Cruddas's décor, a semicircle of pillars mostly seen in silhouette, ideally sets off the same lady's costumes, which are vaguely Ruritanian, and evoked, for me, the atmosphere of some furtive, decadent Middle European monarchy going the right way about getting itself unseated by the troubles of 1848. The hunt for Hamlet after the play scene was like the Congress of Vienna run mad—a paranoid nightmare in silks and satins, bristling at first with veiled threats and later with cold steel. On the whole, it is a tribute to Mr. Benthall's stagecraft that in spite of an inadequate Hamlet, an undistinguished Claudius, an immature Gertrude, a too mature Ophelia, and a Polonius grappling rather uneasily with the notion of playing the part straight instead of for laughs, I was held almost all the way. At no point, though, was I moved. Against the blackness of the set, the play's bare bones danced before me, macabre and mesmerizing, yet always remote, like a phosphorescent skeleton in a puppet show.

—KENNETH TYNAN

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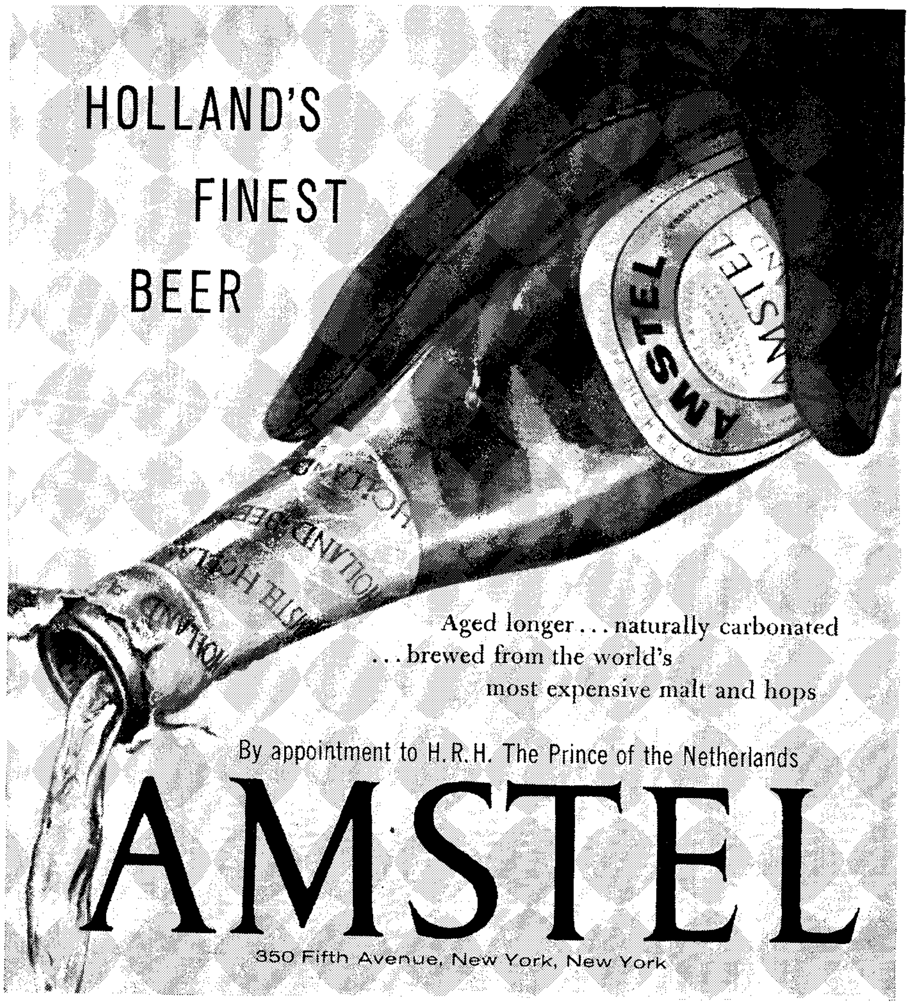

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Y12

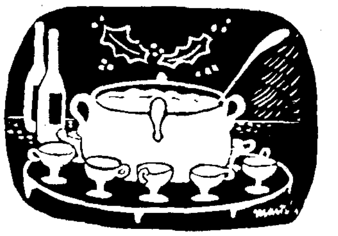
TRADITIONAL AND CUTE

SHE was of medium height and age, and the few strands of hair that blew from under her gay head scarf were medium brown. Her eyes were brown, too—bright and alert—and her manner was eager. She smiled at me across the sun deck, and then came and sat on the foot of the deck chair next to mine and clasped her hands over the small expensive-looking camera that hung like a talisman from a strap around her neck. I knew her as a member of a group of four Europe-bound couples who were travelling happily, if a little noisily, together, but this was the first time she had spoken to me.

"Don't tell them I took their pictures, will you?" she said anxiously, jerking her head toward a man and woman sprawled on the edge of the swimming pool, taking blissful advantage of the sun, which, now that our ship was nearing the Azores, had at last come out from behind the clouds that had persisted all the way from New York. I had not noticed her picture-taking, and, in any case, the chance of my acting as informer was slight, but I indicated that my lips were sealed.

"Well, thanks," she said, with relief. "You see, the picture's for Christmas."

I had been lying in my chair, just touching sleep, thinking hazily of the March blizzard in which we had sailed, and looking ahead to a long European spring and summer, so Christmas seemed not only remote but improbable. I must have looked startled, because the woman laughed.



"I guess you think that's planning pretty far off," she said, "but we have this cute little game, my husband and me. We take snaps of our friends, like on this trip or at home, and then at Christmas, instead of sending pictures of ourselves or our children for Christmas cards, we send everyone pictures of *themselves*. They've forgotten, by then, that we took them, if they ever knew we did, so it's a cute surprise." She pushed a curl back under her scarf, which had "I LOVE YOU" printed on it in several languages. "It's so hard to find anything personal for Christmas cards that isn't your home or your family, so these are a real change. I think Christmas cards are awful these days. The kind you buy, they're all so commercial, and my husband said one year he'd rather send none than something that wasn't personal, and that's when we got this idea of taking pictures of people. People we know, of course."

"Of course," I said.

"And cute ones, like the one I just took." She giggled. "It'll come out mostly their feet, and I'll write something on it like 'Hang your Christmas presents here,' as if they were Christmas trees, or maybe 'Hang your Christmas *stockings* here.' Anyway, something cute like that, because I think Christmas cards ought to be cute as *well* as personal." She wriggled. "I'll tell you, though," she said, "there's *one* couple we know had a *really* cute idea for Christmas cards once. It took me three years to catch on. *Three years!*"

I said consolingly that I wasn't good at puzzles, either.

"It wasn't a puzzle the way you mean," she said. "It was a continued card, sort of. The year the first one came, I couldn't think *what* it was. It was this picture of the whole family in bed together. No explanation—nothing. Just 'The night before Christmas' written on it in red ink. Not printed, or anything—just written."

I nodded, to show that I understood.

"*Well*," she said, "I couldn't see why they'd all be together in one bed, even the night before Christmas. I mean all of them were—the children and all—so I just put it away and forgot it, and then next year there was another one."

"All in one bed again?" I asked.

"Not all of them," she said. "The children were, but May and Eddie—that's our friends' names that sent it—were looking out of a window, and it still said 'The night before Christmas,' and the next year they were kind of listening to something, and it still said the same thing, and *finally* I caught on. Do you know what it was?"

I shook my head.

"It was the poem," she said. "It was the poem about the night before Christmas, and they were acting it out in pictures! Don't you think that was cute?"

I delayed too long in answering, and the spark of topaz that excitement had lighted in her brown eyes faded.

"You don't," she said flatly. "You *don't* think it's cute."

I tried to make amends. I said that

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perhaps it seemed a bit prolonged, and a great deal of work.

She considered this. "Oh, it was a lot of work, all right, and, of course, they were taking chances. I mean if one of them had died or anything, it would have spoiled the whole idea. But I still think it was cute."

She sounded so wistful that I told her I thought it was at least unusual.

"That's it," she agreed, looking happier. "And it's so hard to get unusual Christmas cards. Don't you think it's just awful, trying to find them? Don't you just *hate* it?"

I had to admit that I rather liked looking for Christmas cards. To be more amenable, I said that I even liked sending them, and that I *loved* getting them.

She studied me for a moment.

"What kind do you send?" she asked me.

I said that I usually sent something that had to do with Christmas.

"Christmas?" she said vaguely.

"I mean something that has to do with what Christmas is *about*," I explained apologetically. "Sort of," I added, hoping to sound less sententious.

"Oh," she said after a short delay of her own. "Traditional. Well, of course you can always get *those*."

She rose, adjusted her camera on its strap, inclined her head briefly, and left me.

I PULLED my steamer rug to my nose and sought sleep again, but I found my mind immediately involved with the problems of a large family embarking in solemn secrecy on a series of pictures that from year to year would baffle their friends. Did they do the whole series in one concentrated sitting? No, because the children would have to have grown each time, and there might even be new ones. Who took the group pictures, if it was all to be a surprise? Not a friend, because then he wouldn't be surprised. Father himself, with a string attached to the shutter? The local photographer, smuggled in disguised as a plumber? I turned restlessly under my rug. St. Nicholas—who posed for *him*, I wondered. Grandfather, probably, or, in a pinch, Gram. And how about the reindeer? Were they portrayed by the family pets? An array of dogs, cats, and hamsters swirled under my closed lids, and as I opened my eyes to dispel it, I saw that my new acquaintance was back. She was standing in front of me, her camera in her hands.

"I didn't take you," she said as I

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began to protest. "I could have, but I wouldn't unless I knew you better. No—what it is, I want to tell you something. You know what you said about traditional?"

It had been her word, but I nodded.

"Well, you gave me an idea. I guess you know we're eight of us taking this trip? Well, when the boys are playing bridge together tonight, I'm going to take a picture of them, and I'll send it out next Christmas, and I'll call it 'The Three Wise Men.' What do you think of that?"

I looked at her fuzzily. "If they're playing bridge, won't they have to be *four* wise men?" I asked.

"No," she said—and I noticed that the topaz was back in her eyes—"because one of them will be the dummy, so there'll be three *wise* men. Of course, I'll write something on it to explain it, like 'guess which three,' or something. And look, if you'll give me your home address I'll send you one, because you really gave me the idea."

I said that that would be very kind of her.

"No," she said, "I'd *like* to, because actually I've been thinking, and you're absolutely right. Christmas cards ought to be cute and personal, but they ought to be about Christmas, too. Traditional. And this one covers everything—only you won't tell it to anyone else, will you, not before next Christmas? Promise? Cross your heart?"

I crossed my heart.

—PATRICIA COLLINGE

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Just as well.

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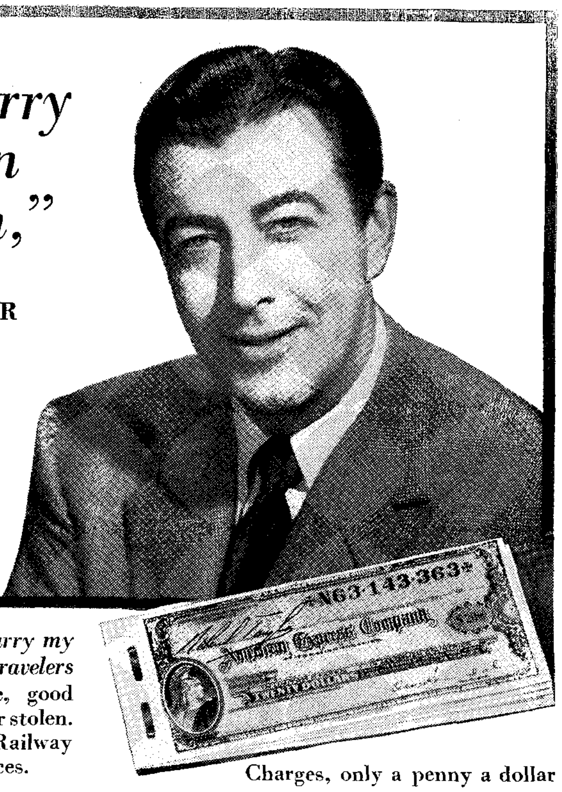
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Atlanta Journal*]

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—A friend warned a liquor store proprietor, Alex Kegeles, there was a suspicious character outside the establishment. "He might be a holdup man," his friend said.



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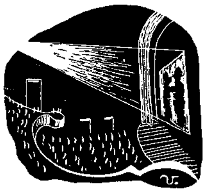
THE CURRENT CINEMA

"It Was Sad When That Great Ship Went Down"

"A NIGHT TO REMEMBER," an English film, is an attempt to find some sort of dramatic cohesion in the sudden, awful predicament of the 2,207 souls aboard the Titanic on April 14, 1912, when she struck an iceberg in the North Atlantic and sank within a matter of hours.



In previous movies, the tragedy of the vessel and the people who sailed aboard her has been dealt with tersely, as in "Cavalcade," in which a couple of honeymooners, embracing at a ship's rail, moved off to expose a life ring stencilled "Titanic," and factitiously, as in a picture called, flatly, "Titanic," in which Clifton Webb took a doomed stance with a small boy on deck and went to his Maker to the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" (a tune that, according to all evidence, was not played by the ship's orchestra on its first and last voyage). "A Night to Remember," which was adapted by Eric Ambler from a book by Walter Lord and directed by Roy Baker, is neither brief nor brummagem. It is a detailed recital of the events leading up to the tragedy and of some of the melodramatic episodes that followed it. Unfortunately, after forty-odd years the story of the Titanic is too familiar to allow for much suspense in the retelling, and this movie, in trying to be here, there, and everywhere—from stokehold to first-class lounge—while presenting us with a really staggering assortment of characters, doesn't give us much chance to adjust ourselves sympathetically to any given situation or person. It occurred to me as I watched the picture that its creators were padding out an old ballad that describes the career of the Titanic as well as anything could, and also gets in some practical sociological comments on the way things were during that terrible maiden voyage:

They were not far from England, and
 heading from the shore,
When the rich refused to associate with
 the poor.
They put them down below, where they'd
 be the first to go;
Oh, it was sad when that great ship went
 down.
There were husbands and wives, and little
 children lost their lives;
Oh, it was sad when that great ship went
 down.

The business about the Edwardian rich and the immigrant poor is explored pretty thoroughly in "A Night to Remember," and so is the calamitous fact that the Titanic was desperately short of lifesaving equipment. Her end, however, did lead to all kinds of changes in the requirements for protecting passengers and crews, and in that respect her sinking had more than sensational significance.

The performers in "A Night to Remember" are innumerable, and most of them do their work admirably. To name but a few, Kenneth More is cast as Lightoller, the gallant second officer; Kenneth Griffith as the equally gallant radio operator; Laurence Naismith as the master of the stricken ship; Frank Lawton as the chairman of the White Star Line, who never got over her sinking; and Anthony Bushell as the capable captain of the Carpathia, which saved so many people. The photography throughout is excellent.

"THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA" is an adaptation, by Anatole de Grunwald, of Shaw's diatribe against medical men and their works and pomps. The dilemma that Shaw's doctor faces, you'll remember, is whether to save an honest, self-sacrificing colleague from tuberculosis or to let him go (tuberculin being in short supply) in order to save a similarly afflicted artistic scalawag. With Alastair Sim, Robert Morley, and Felix Aylmer on hand as associates of the doctor (John Robinson) who has to decide the issue, this version has its moments of geniality, but the director, Anthony Asquith, loiters so long over the death scene of the artist (Dirk Bogarde) that the movie becomes positively mortuary. To supply some arch feminine relief to all these virile fellows, we have Leslie Caron. She is cute but unlikely as Mr. Bogarde's wife.—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

DEAR MRS. POST: Is it proper, after talking awhile to a man I have met for the first time, to ask him if he is married? Comparatively few men wear wedding rings and so one cannot tell by looking at his finger whether or not he is married.

ANSWER: If it is a casual question such as "do you live in South Norwalk?" there is no reason why you shouldn't ask him.
—*Newark News.*

Better make it "Does your wife live in South Norwalk?"

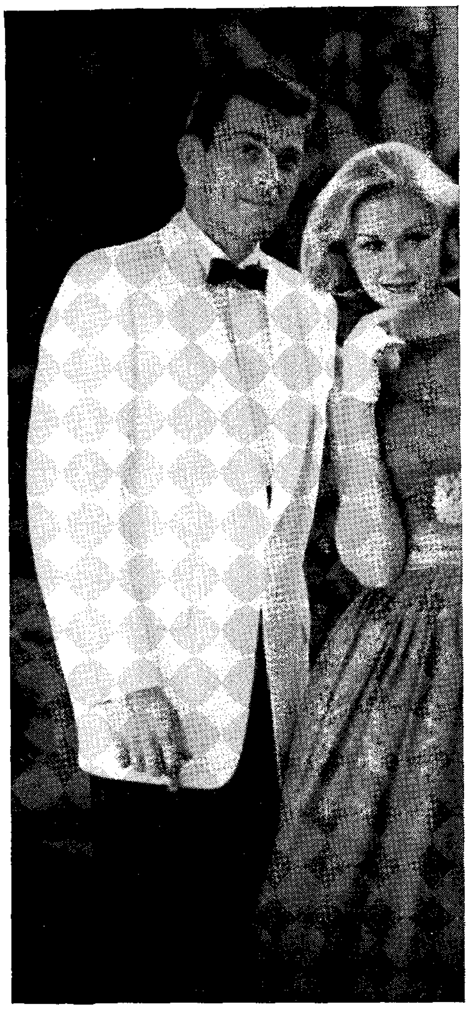
THE ART GALLERIES

Americans, All Sizes

ART and politics don't mix, though it appears difficult to convince the politicians (and, at times, the artists) of the fact. It has been proved that election or appointment to high office does not necessarily qualify a man as an expert on Pointillism, Tachism, Orphism, or any other of the more esoteric art forms, yet the politicians, with the best will in the world, keep on trying. Mr. Truman, when he was President, got off some ill-natured cracks about modern paintings, and the State Department got itself into a mess when it sponsored a world tour of living American art, back in the middle nineteen-forties, and then, appalled at what it had done, abandoned it in mid-tour. "Communist!" was the cry then and all through that excitable period, no one seeming to notice that the modernist movement was being denounced just as heartily in Russia—as it had been, for that matter, in the Fascist countries—and it sometimes seems that to the official mind, of no matter what persuasion, anything new is to be regarded with suspicion, as being, more than likely, subversive.

So it was perhaps inevitable that when a section devoted to contemporary American art was included in our pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair this last summer, it should be scrutinized critically by any number of high-placed amateurs, and the outcry was so great that President Eisenhower felt constrained to send a personal emissary, George V. Allen, to investigate. Allen reported that on the whole, in his opinion, the exhibit was fine, and the show groggily went on. But the uproar had left everyone who, like myself, hadn't got over to the Fair uneasy, I suppose, and I welcomed the chance to see the collection of paintings and sculpture from it now on exhibition at World House.

The show is a benefit, for the Sheltering Arms Childrens Service, and the selection (twenty-seven of the forty-four paintings in the original showing, and a half dozen of the twenty-six sculptures) is reasonably comprehensive. It is also, I'm afraid, a bit of a letdown. Only scarcely extremist, as



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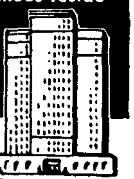

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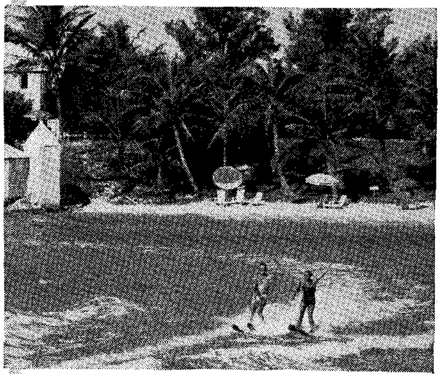

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things go now (why, there are even a few representational pieces in it!), it is a curiously dispirited and undistinguished array, and one that is far from being fully representative of our painting and sculpture today. To be sure, there are some excellent pieces. Robert Motherwell's "Wall Painting IV," with its marching, rhythmic blacks, is a remarkably fine performance, like Lawrence Calcagno's dark "Escarpment" and Jimmy Ernst's "Stillness" and "A Silent Bridge"—the first a sharp tracery of shiny-black outlines on a dull-black background, and the second an intricately webbed pattern derived, I'd guess, from the crisscrossing cables of a suspension bridge. Apart from these, though, there are not very many real highlights, and I can't help feeling that the limitation on the age of the contributors may have been a factor. No one over forty-five was included, and this arbitrary ruling eliminated a number of artists (Shahn, Blume, Tobey, Hofmann, de Kooning, among dozens) who not only had a right to representation in an international affair of this sort but would have contributed work that, done in full maturity, would almost certainly have added a needed note of authority.

The wording of the catalogue is vague on the point, but I have the impression that the age restriction did not apply to the sculptors, for such ancients as David Smith, Jacques Lipchitz, and Alexander Calder are listed, and perhaps because of this the sculpture section, though smaller, seemed generally the better of the two. The big Calder mobile is not included, and several others had to be left out because of questions of convenience. Of the ones that are present, David Smith's crouching, skeletal "Royal Bird" and Theodore Roszak's wide-winged, swooping study of a bird in flight, "Migrant," attracted me most. But there were fine pieces by Katherine Nash (see her long-snouted,

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savagely saw-toothed figure called "Aggression"), Jacques Lipchitz ("Theseus"), and Ibran Lassaw (the cagelike "Metamorphosis"). Among the paintings, in addition to the ones I've mentioned, I liked Lundy Siegriest's ruddy, maplike "Village Above the River" and Richard Diebenkorn's green, gentle "Girl on a Terrace," both mildly Expressionist; William Kienbusch's breezy "Black Cedars, Red Vines;" and, for its skillful handling of a fairly commonplace theme, Bernard Perlin's neatly simplified, sunset-lighted "The Coliseum."

THE simple question of the size of the canvas is one that has been exercising the painters of the Abstract Expressionist school, and in complicated fashion. On the one hand, many of the group have developed a mystique about size itself; broad, sweeping, and dramatic as their patterns are, they feel that to be fully effective a picture should be big enough to "surround" the spectator. It should fill his vision as completely as if, as their saying goes, he had been able to "walk right into it." On the other hand, there's the purely practical consideration that in these days of small rooms, small apartments, small everything, six-foot-square paintings simply don't sell. The easiest solution would seem to be for the artists to halve their canvases and paint small. Art, unfortunately, is never as simple as that. Not only a technique but a whole rationale has been set up, based on the "big" approach, and however much the artists might want to do so, it would probably be as hard for some of them to reduce their scale as it would have been for Rosa Bonheur to cut down "Horse Fair" to overmantel dimensions.

This question arises because the Parsons Gallery, grasping both horns of the dilemma resolutely, has got together a group of king-size canvases in a show called "Paintings for Unlimited Space," and it turns out to be an engaging affair indeed. In the past, I've felt that something was being lost in this trend toward giantism—something having to do with the classic relation between size and content. But whether because the artists are learning how better to balance these factors or because the selection at the Parsons is particularly fortunate, I can't advance that complaint in this instance. One of the biggest canvases, Enrico Donati's "Exodus," is handsomely integrated, and so is Alfonso Ossorio's even larger, very rhythmic "Process II." I also admired José Guerrero's "Fire and Apparitions," with its flying, flaming forms; Hedda Sterne's cooler, spacious "New York No. 179;" and the sunny green "Morning," by Ethel Schwabacher.

—ROBERT M. COATES

• •

DAKOTA: FIVE TIMES SIX

Nobody painted Mrs. Aherne's store
And, standing at a corner where dry wind
Sanded it, all its boards turned bone-gray finally,
And by the time I visited, untended,
The barbershop next door—where Mr. Mack
Told jokes I smiled at, fearing all the while
The flyspecked Lucky Tiger on the wall,
Out of the corner of my six year's eye—
I could remember it no other color.

I can remember now, at five times six,
Her dress—beyond the crystal candy jars,
Behind the smeary counter glass—was gray
(Dyed gray, maybe, not weathered, but gray as
The siding of her store); so were her hair
And eyes, even the tarnished silver brooch
That pinched her dress tight at the withered throat.

Dakota six knew bone-gray when he saw it:
Cows often died in fields of only dust,
So did farmhouses with their eyes poked out.
I can remember bone-gray, bleached-board gray
Better than rainbows—there it seldom rained.

But Mrs. Aherne sold taste rainbows at
Two for one cent, and from her shelves rained sugar.

—JOSEPH HANSEN

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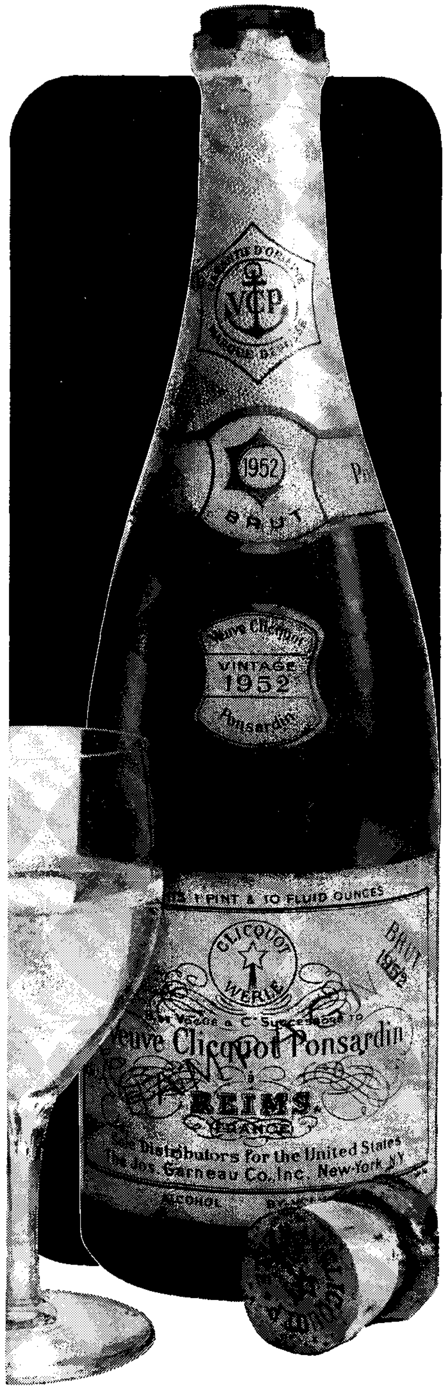

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Halfway to Detroit

THE current New York musical season, which is now approaching its halfway mark, has struck me as being, so far, the dullest within memory. To be sure, the Metropolitan Opera Company has trotted out restaged versions of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," but it has produced no other novelties, and I cannot say that I have encountered a masterpiece of interpretation among any of its standard offerings, though I may have missed one in Renata Tebaldi's "Madame Butterfly," which the pressure of other events prevented me from hearing, and which was highly praised by my colleagues. Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra have occupied themselves almost entirely with the repetition of a time-tried repertoire. Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony have continued, valiantly enough, to advance the cause of contemporary music, but not much of what they have played has been of more than perfunctory interest. The Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein, has tried the experiment of having its conductor talk as well as conduct—an experiment that has obviously brought pleasure to some, since a talking conductor at least has the advantage of giving the audience something to take its mind off the music—but in the music itself there has been little to arouse any particular enthusiasm, except, perhaps, for the resuscitation of Charles Ives' Second Symphony. Amid the prevailing monotony, there have been a few fairly memorable occasions, and most of them have been the work not of our big symphonic and operatic organizations but of smaller, less lavishly endowed troupes. I remember with pleasure the New York City Opera Company's production of Richard Strauss's "The Silent Woman" and the American Opera Society's production of Handel's "Giulio Cesare," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf in the role of Cleopatra, and I have also enjoyed a number of ballets, notably Birgit Cullberg's "Miss Julie," done by the American Ballet Theatre, and George Balanchine's "Stars and Stripes," done by the New York City Ballet. But, by and large, the first half

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of the season has been a pretty tedious affair.

On Tuesday night of last week, as if to emphasize this preoccupation with the conventional and the routine, Mr. Ormandy brought the Philadelphia Orchestra back to town with an all-Beethoven program, in which Nathan Milstein appeared as soloist in the familiar Violin Concerto. Now, there is nothing wrong with Mr. Ormandy, who is a fairly eloquent conductor, or with the Philadelphia Orchestra, which is perhaps our finest symphonic ensemble, or with Mr. Milstein, who is universally conceded to be a brilliant violinist—or, for that matter, with Ludwig van Beethoven. Still, an occasion of this sort somehow reminds me of watching the latest Cadillac come off the Detroit assembly line. One admires the finish of the product and the dependability of the machinery, but one reflects that the result is extraordinarily like a good many previous results. There is no possibility of surprise, no variation from the expected; the event has neither the positive virtue of being a revelation nor the negative one of being unpleasant enough to cause hostility. Thus, I sat through most of Mr. Ormandy's program with the same lack of excitement that most of the season's other offerings induced in me. His interpretation of Beethoven's Second Symphony seemed a bit rough and coarse—though I use these terms in a relative sense, because everything the Philadelphia Orchestra does is up to a very high standard of technical proficiency—but Mr. Milstein was in excellent form, and since I have always regarded him as a Cadillac sort of violinist, I had the reaction I expected. I have heard the Beethoven Violin Concerto played with greater imagination and subtlety by less technically immaculate artists, such as Fritz Kreisler, Joseph Szigeti, and Wolfgang Schneiderhan, but where digital accuracy, fine tone, and authoritative mechanics in general were concerned, Mr. Milstein's performance was certainly Grade A. Moreover, the audience, a very large one, was composed of people whose attitudes were obviously not as jaded as mine, and they seemed to be enjoying the evening immensely.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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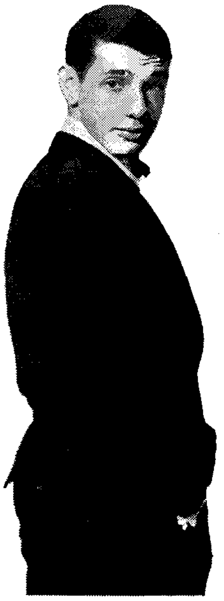
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

An argument presented for passing the provision notes: "California's long coast line exposes it to attack by missiles launched from submarines. A few well-placed bombs could kill the Governor. . . ."



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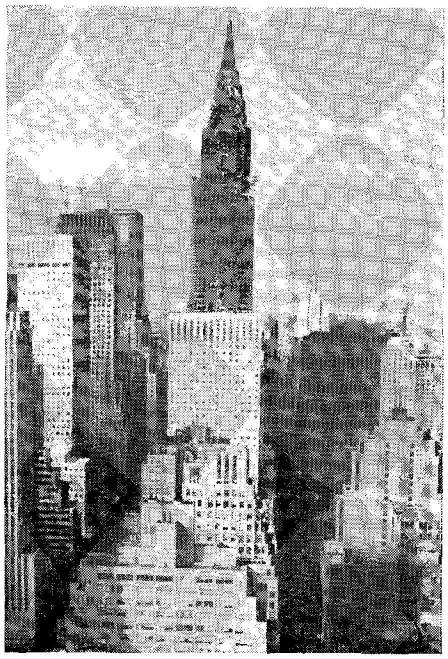

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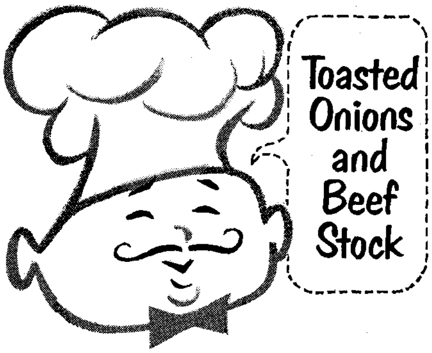

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BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Eastern Exposure, by Marvin L. Kalb (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). Mr. Kalb, a graduate student at the Russian Research Center at Harvard, spent the calendar year 1956 in the Soviet Union as a press attaché in the American Embassy in Moscow. In line of duty, and occasionally out of simple curiosity, he travelled widely—to Leningrad, to Kiev, to Tbilisi, to Tashkent, in Central Asia—and because he was young and intelligent, and could speak Russian fluently, he talked to everyone he met. This book is a journal account of what he saw and heard. It contains no revelations, but it is full to overflowing with intimations: "She [the daughter of a Moscow truck driver] told me that her mother wouldn't let her continue seeing the son of a general, because the general would never permit his son to marry out of his station. This country is more 'bourgeois' in many ways than ours." And: " 'But,' the first fellow insisted, 'I read that in the newspapers.' 'Good God, you don't believe that, do you?' " And: " 'If I [an Azerbaijani teacher] didn't use pull, someone else would. Pull is the best way of getting anything in Russia. I think it is the only way.' " An unpretentious but enormously informative book.

The Art of Politics As Practiced by Three Great Americans: Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Luis Muñoz Marín, and Fiorello H. LaGuardia, by Rexford G. Tugwell (Doubleday). The author, a university professor who has spent a number of years in public service, worked at one time or another with the three men whose political techniques he now discusses. The trio, of course, had more in common than knowing Tugwell; all of them are famous as leaders of important progressive movements. But, as the author reiterates, they always had to win elections, and he has had the interesting idea of describing how they went about that part of their job. His method is slightly, and pleasantly, reminiscent of Plutarch's biographical comparisons, and his study is valuable if only because democratic leaders are comparatively rare in the history of the world. It is a pity, though, that Mr. Tugwell's biases—for example, he regards any policy shift from left to right as a betrayal—intrude just often enough to make the reader wonder whether the Professor understood or misunderstood his politicians.

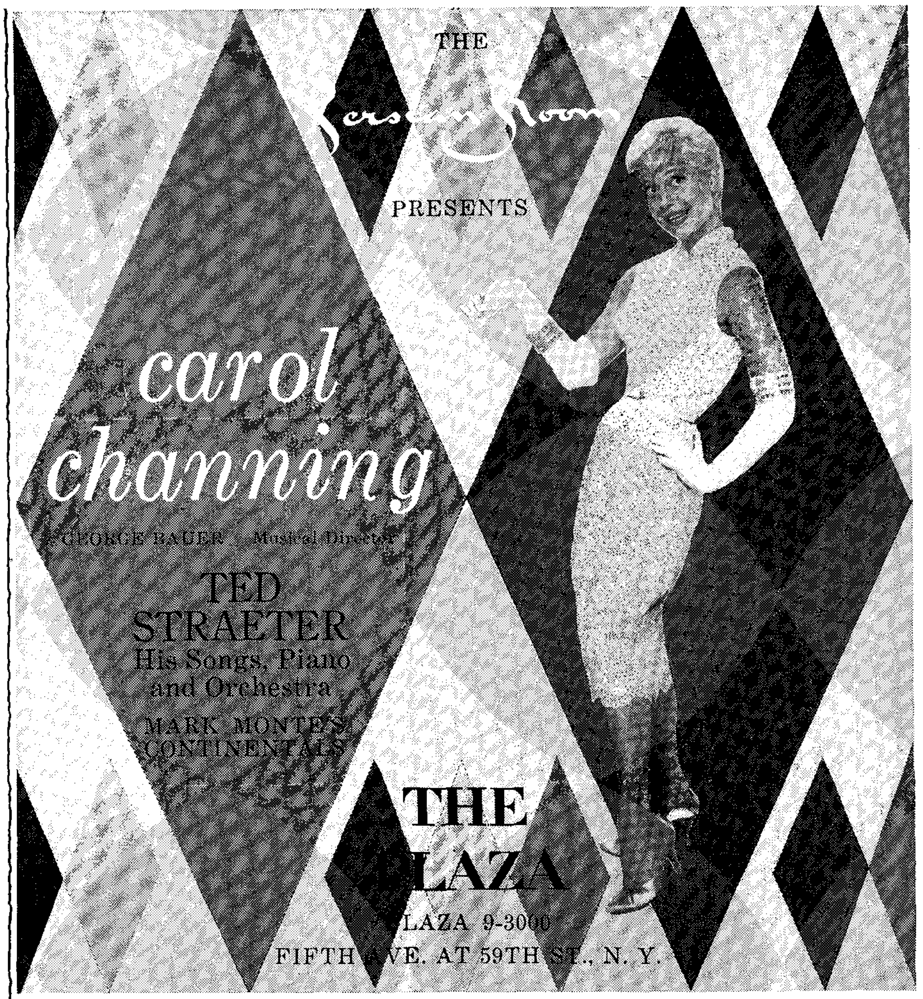
Edwardian Promenade, edited by James Laver (Houghton Mifflin). A word portrait of a period (the work of many writers), deftly assembled by the Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Mr. Laver has chosen authors who can supply homely details, like how much a good cook earned a year (twenty-eight pounds), and, together, they suggest that the reign of Edward VII was not the stable age that so many Englishmen believed it to be but a period of continuous change—new groups (Jews, tradesmen, foreigners) came into society, new artists challenged established tastes, suffragettes questioned the accepted position of women, the automobile replaced the horse, and the airplane fulfilled old dreams of flight. And while Edward himself and many Edwardians were opulent eaters and extravagant dressers, one adult out of four in London died on public charity. Mr. Laver explains in his preface that he has tried to suggest the depths of an epoch by presenting its surface pattern; he has succeeded brilliantly.

The Caesars: Might and Madness, by Ivar Lissner, translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn (Putnam). A readable roster of sketches of the Roman emperors down to Constantine. For a long time, the author tells us, scholars distrusted the accuracy of many of the Roman historians who attacked their emperors, but the latest research accepts all the awful stories in Suetonius et al. So does Mr. Lissner, who uses lots of gory anecdotes that formerly hung in historical limbo to make his book as lively as the entertainments once offered in the Colosseum. The author doesn't discuss the causes of the grandeur and decadence of Rome, and about the only important intellectual development he notices is the growth of Christianity, a subject he treats by clucking over the persecutions of martyrs and celebrating their persecutors' violent ends. A sort of "Ben Hur" set to fact.

A. E. HOUSMAN: A DIVIDED LIFE, by George L. Watson (Beacon). A well-written and perceptive study of Housman's character that received favorable critical attention when it was recently published in England. American readers can now follow the clearest and most frank outline of Housman's inner and outer life that has yet been put together. The facts add up to a plausible explanation of Housman's basic attitudes, in his poetry as well as in his general way of living, and the reader's sympathy is finally drawn to the side of this self-baffled man whose art and scholarship just barely compensated for a lifelong frustration.

YOGA, by Mircea Eliade, translated from the French by Willard R. Trask (Pantheon). This admirable study (Volume LVI in the Bollingen series), by the Rumanian savant who is now head of the Department of the History of Religion at the University of Chicago, cannot be too highly recommended. It is altogether free from the intolerable woolliness of thought and the crankiness in which a couple of generations of addlepated theosophist enthusiasts have enveloped the subject, and although it is not light reading, it states with clarity and precision what the beliefs and practices of yoga are, and how they originated from the primeval Indic religions. Those who have succumbed to the fashionable preoccupation with Zen Buddhism will be particularly interested in the light the book throws on the origins of a number of Zen techniques and ideas; those with a simple interest in the more bizarre aspects of human thought and action will also find the book—especially where it deals with tantric yoga—rewarding.

A YANKEE JEFFERSONIAN: SELECTIONS FROM THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM LEE OF MASSACHUSETTS, edited by Mary Lee Mann, with a foreword by Allan Nevins (Belknap Press of Harvard University). The author of these papers, which were written between 1796 and 1840, was an American businessman, a consular agent in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In her new cookbook, **Magic Half Hour Dinners**, Anita Abbott has done all your planning for months of dinners. Here are dozens of menus, complete with recipes and shopping list—so many menus, in fact, you can serve a different dinner night after night for months and months.

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That tablet was the Rosetta stone, and it was the key that unlocked the hieroglyphic language of early Egypt for subsequent generations of archeologists.

If Wall Street has a Rosetta stone, we like to think it's an advertisement that we first ran about a dozen years ago and have been up-dating and reprinting ever since. It's called *"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business,"* and it was written to take the mystery out of investing and to define the vocabulary of the stock market in words anyone can understand. It must do the trick, too, because there are at least 4,000,000 copies in print, and the demand goes on and on.

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HENRI MATISSE, by Gaston Diehl (Universe Books). Alfred Barr's monumental book on Matisse, published some five years ago, just about wrapped up the subject, leaving room for little but repetition and reinterpretation. The value of the present volume lies in the fact that it concentrates less on the paintings than on the philosophy behind them, and since Matisse was an intensely thoughtful man and Mr. Diehl is a sympathetic observer, the text, though brief, is unusually stimulating. There are a hundred and sixty-two illustrations, among them a number of rarely seen works from his earlier years, plus a small group of charming, intimate photographs of the man himself in his last ones. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

ANIMALS IN INDIA, by Ylla (Harper). Magnificent photographs, many in color, by one of the greatest of animal photographers. Ylla was killed in an automobile accident while working on this book, and it includes the last photograph she took—a pair of white bullocks briskly pulling a cart through a haze of pinkish dust. But the collection has only the slightest air of a memorial; it deals with life, and, because Ylla's techniques were so good, with life in motion—a mongoose fighting a cobra, a rhino charging, a gibbon swinging through trees. And the tiger striding across two pages is certainly the brilliant, living image of fearful symmetry. Ten dollars.

•

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Tillman of 24 Dolphin Green have announced the arrival of a son, John Donald, born August 20 in North Shore Hospital. Mrs. Tillman is the former Vivian Nicander of Douglaston. It is their child.—*Port Washington (L.I.) Reporter.*

Bully for them!

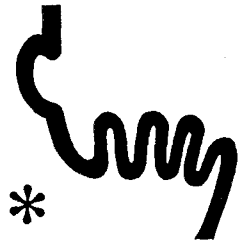
•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Daily Mail*]

TODAY'S ENGLISH
COOKING RECIPE
(*by Bon Appétit*)

Buy a nice piece of fried fish and put it under the grill and re-warm it.



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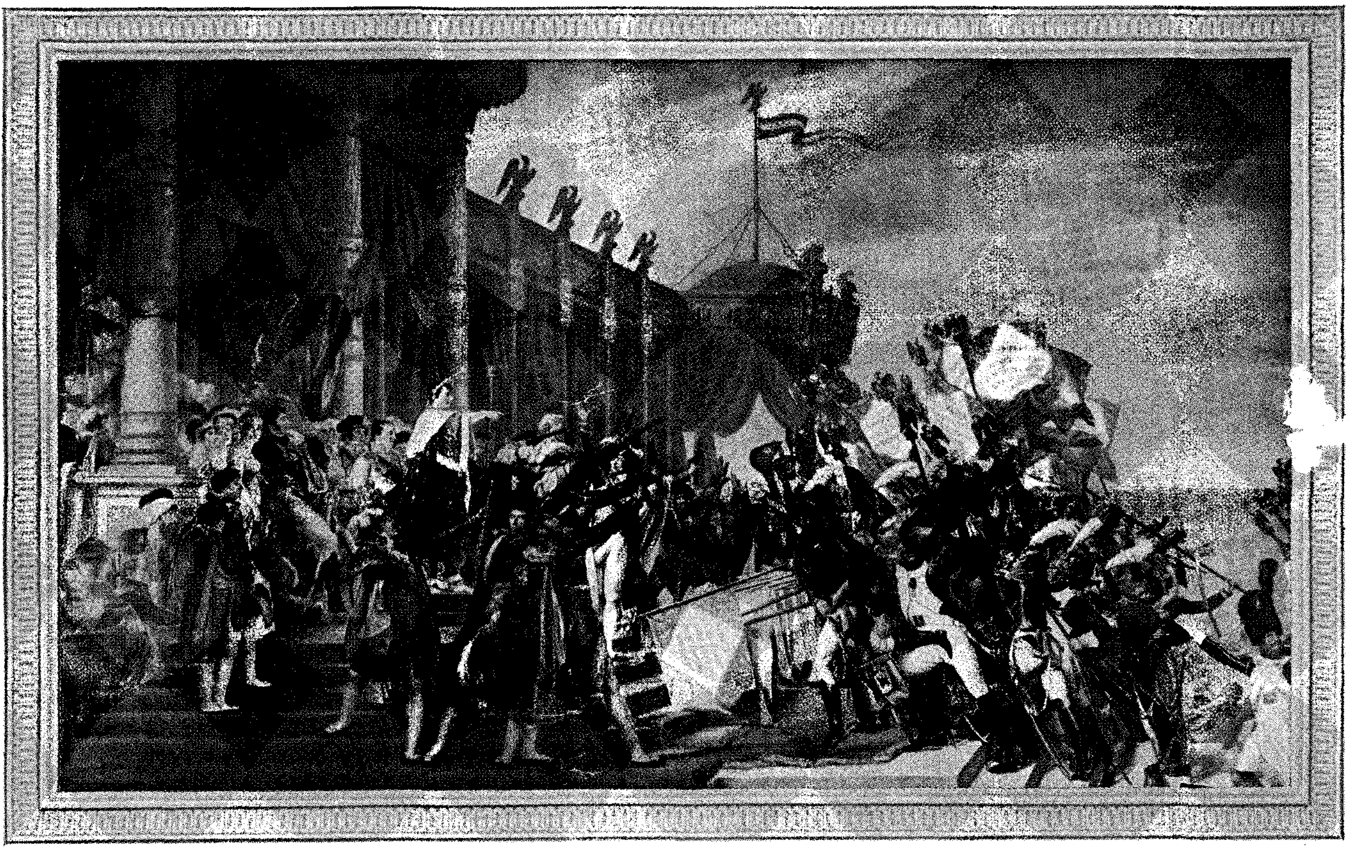

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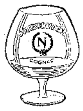

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